

Shelley, Alioto --it's a deal!

By Bruce B. Brugmann
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The inside story of SF's seething mayoralty race

A super-secret, high-powered deal engineered by a small cadre of gilded local Democrats lured Jack Shelley out and thrust Joe Alioto into the steaming race for Mayor of San Francisco.

Reliable sources, checked independently in the camps of Shelley, Alioto and the late Sen. J. Eugene McAteer, have confirmed the Shelley/Alioto deal and talked at length about it with The Bay Guardian.

In short, The Guardian was told, the deal was originally hatched during the early days of the late Sen. J. Eugene McAteer's campaign for mayor—to get Shelley out as gracefully as possible and give McAteer a clear shot.

The package at that time, a key McAteer source said, was \$125,000 to be paid to a future

employer over a five year period to employ Shelley in a comfy post until his government pension came due. Shelley in return would throw his support to McAteer.

Employers under discussion: Stanford Research Institute, Arthur D. Little Co. and friendly unions like laborers local 261.

McAteer died on the handball court of the Olympic Club, but the Shelley-must-retire package was kept alive by the small clique of Democrats who saw Dobbs, the Republican, striding ahead of Shelley in private polls, felt Shelley had been a weak and indecisive mayor and knew he was a sick, tired and discouraged man.

"I KNOW what you're going to say," the McAteer source, a strong supporter of the deal, told this reporter at this point in his narrative. "But these guys weren't bad guys," he insisted.

"Here's a guy who was a bad may-

or for a lot of reasons. They knew he was a bad mayor. They were doing the city a fantastic favor by getting him out and putting a good man in."

The group did want to have "their man" in city hall—a conservative Democrat friendly to the interests of downtown, the Chamber of Commerce and the large stores; a conservative who could stand up to the Reagan/Marks/Dobbs strafing on crime-in-the-streets—but there was no deeper nor more sinister motive, he said. Except that of good government.

Shelley wouldn't listen for a good while, but then his health, never good, took a bad turn and polls began dipping disastrously for him. He never did mount much of a campaign.

(SHELLEY, it must be remembered, has never been able to save much money during his career as a bakery wagon driver, labor leader, lawyer, state senator, U.S. representative and one term mayor. He has a beautiful \$80,000 hillside house with substantial payments, a lot in Marin County worth \$10,000 to \$12,000 and that's about it. He needed a job and a source of steady income if he was to quit as mayor.)

(He also has a son to put through college. This point arose dramatically, in an unpublished and little known event in 1963, when a Los Angeles businessman offered to put a good chunk of money in a Swiss bank for Shelley's son if Shelley

Guardian award

Bruce B. Brugmann, Bay Guardian editor and publisher, won second place in the non-daily category of the annual San Francisco Press Club Newspaper Awards competition.

His award was for investigative reporting into the Rockefeller city-in-the-bay plans near the San Francisco Airport and attempts by Rockefeller's financial combine to engineer a quiet deal with the State Lands Commission to clear the clouded titles for the project. He also holds a 1964 Press Club citation for investigative reporting in San Mateo County.

Brugmann, 32, received his master's degree from the Columbia University School of Journalism and has served as critic and reporter for The Milwaukee Journal, Korea bureau chief of Stars and Stripes and city hall reporter for the Redwood City Tribune.

would use his good offices with his friend and political ally, Gov. Brown, to get the businessman's brother a judgeship.

(The brother was a good attorney who had been cleared for the appointment by Atty. William Coblentz, who screened judicial appointments for Brown, but Shelley balked and informed Brown. There was no appointment.)

Shelley called a news conference after his hospital checkup to deny all rumors of a deal. As The Guardian went to press, Shelley was off to Japan until well after the election and a press aide, Vernon Williams, denied all that The Guardian had been

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"We diagnose 'nonvoteitis' and recommend immediate retirement... Do you need a prescription?"

The day the police turned on the reporters

It is impossible to sip a quiet drink in a newshound's bar these days without hearing echoes of Bloody Tuesday, the day the Oakland police turned on the press.

Either in Jerry & Johnny's on Three Street (where the Examiners still pay faithful homage), or in Hanno's in the Alley (Chronicle) or

bars that lie in the shadow of the Tribune Tower, the talk is all the same. How the Oakland cops used billy clubs and tear gas on reporters and photographers, and how the newspaper owners, with a few glorious exceptions, pretended it never happened.

IF A history of the morning of October 17th is ever written, the significant event will not be that the police beat the demonstrators (so what else is new?), but that the police beat up, roughed up and generally scared hell out of more than a half dozen reporters and photographers. Many of those witness to the scene came away with the belief that the attack on the press was no accident, but rather a purposeful and pointed lesson that things are going to be different in the Reagan Years.

News gatherers are probably the worst people in the world to interview (which may explain why the publications in the industry, such as Editor & Publisher, are dull and lifeless) so that at this moment only a partial list of the wounded press can be made.

The injured included: reporter Jerry Jensen and cameraman Terry Morrison, KRON-TV, gas in the eyes; photographers Gordon Peters, gas in the eyes, and Chris Springman, billy club blow, Chronicle; Lonny Wilson, billy club blow, and unidentified girl reporter, the same, Oakland Tribune; unidentified Los Angeles Times photographer, billy club blow, KNKT-TV reporter, billy club in groin.

The attack on Wilson, widely observed, came as he stood BEHIND police lines in an area generally considered sanctuary in riot control coverage. As he appeared to be taking

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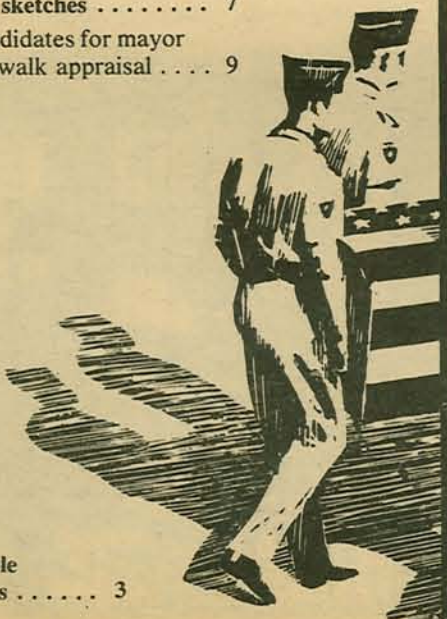
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Example or warning

**WILL BERKELEY SHOW
AMERICA THE WAY FOR
SCHOOL DESEGREGATION?**

By our education correspondent

BERKELEY—In a closing statement to his plan for complete integration of Berkeley public schools, Neil Sullivan declared in Churchillian tones: "We will not fail."

No doubt Berkeleyans of good will wish their superintendent of schools well, but success is far from guaranteed for his plan to split the school district into zones with extensive bussing of elementary youngsters.

Opposition is growing. Militant whites and Negroes already are saying in effect, "To hell with integra-

tion." The conservative Berkeley Gazette, predictably, is drumming up support for opponents. One of the five members of the district board, Atty. David E. Nelson, now is reluctant to support the plan, which the board has said it would approve or reject by next February.

THE proposal, if approved, would go into effect next September. The school administration insists it has money enough to implement the plan, making a bond issue unnecessary. All that is necessary is for the board to say yes.

Two board members, Rev. W. Haziah Williams and Mrs. Carol R. Sibley, seem to be the staunchest supporters. (Williams is the board's only Negro.) Two others, Dr. Samuel A. Schaaf and Board President Arnold L. Grossberg, still seem in favor, but could waver under pressure from more conservative elements in the community, elements which Nelson is most responsive to.

Dan Freudenthal, coordinator of research and publications for the school district, told The Guardian he is "fairly optimistic of the passage of some kind of plan"—perhaps not the exact plan Sullivan has proposed. Freudenthal did the basic research for a 1964 plan that, if anything, was more radical than the current one.

WHAT does the current plan provide?

Berkeley has 8,800 elementary school children, of which 40% are Negro. There are 17 schools, three of them kindergarten to third grade, the rest kindergarten through sixth grade.

Sullivan has proposed that the four predominantly Negro K-3 schools in southwest Berkeley be transformed into 4-6 schools. This would mean that, under the proposal, K-3 children in these southwest Berkeley schools would be bussed to other K-3 schools in middle and hill sections and that 4-6 grade children from the

hill and middle sections—mainly white children—would in turn be bussed to the four southwest schools.

ONLY K-3 children in the middle and hill sections would continue to go to school in their own neighborhoods—a point which has provoked sharp criticism. To some, this is discriminatory because the K-3 Negro children will be bussed, but not white children in middle and hill sections.

According to the proposal, there would be schools for K-3 only and for grades 4 through 6 only. One K-3 school would be dropped, leaving 12 other schools for all K-3 children.

Sullivan's plan was drawn as it was for a reason. The four 4-6 schools—Columbus, Franklin, Lincoln and Longfellow—are big enough to accommodate children from several K-3 schools. And, as Freudenthal says, "they lend themselves to larger kids, more specialized programs, laboratory work," and so on.

BY breaking up elementary schools into two groups, specialized staff can be put to better use, as can equipment and facilities. Things can be more flexible. Reading programs in early grades can be more concentrated, class size more nearly equalized throughout the city.

School playgrounds, libraries and instruction materials can be geared to more specific grade levels and hence put to more efficient use.

And, of course, no youngster would leave his home area for the entire seven years, according to the plan. Bussing goes both ways.

There has been talk that Sullivan is tooting his horn a bit loudly, that Berkeley will not be the first to integrate its entire system. Riverside and Sacramento are noted in particular.

After destroying Negro schools in these cities, integration did come. But it was one-way—Negroes to white schools. The Berkeley plan goes both ways and completes a revolutionary program of integration begun in 1964 with junior high schools.

Said Sullivan in introducing his plan:

"Schools must be concerned with the educational and psychological damage that segregation has on children.

"Segregated schools are symbolic of society's traditional rejection of the Negro race. They are a continual reminder to the Negro child of his separateness and of the discriminatory ways which have bounded his world since birth."

"Segregated schools deprive children, both Negro and white, of the chance to learn that personal worth and dignity and inner substance are the qualities that matter. Segregated schools say to children that color is relevant."

The Berkeley plan is no montage, slapped together to make a deadline. Neither is it perfect—and Freudenthal, who has been instrumental in pushing for integrated schools, emphasizes this.

For example, he suggests two-way bussing for each age group might be even more satisfactory. But Freudenthal thinks this plan is "timely and important," and believes that if the school administration handles its part of the battle—in organizing support and educating the public—"we can win."

Sullivan, ever the optimist of many words, says Berkeley will show the way and set an example for all American cities. We'll have to wait and see.

The inside mayor's story

—Continued from page 1

told.

The staff was setting out straightaway to find Shelley a job, he said. What about the report he would become a \$600 a month consultant to local 261? Only one of several unexplored possibilities, Williams said.

Key members of the dealing group, virtually all respected McAteer backers, denied to The Guardian they had knowledge of or took part in any of the dealing.

"You must remember Shelley was a sick man," said one. Until Shelley decided he could take it no longer, he was like the man in Sacramento—his "feet were set in concrete." Another, a widely known businessman, threatened to sue The Guardian and "put you out of business" if his name were associated with his remarks, reported to The Guardian by an eminently reliable source, about some financial details of the deal.

THE tipoff to Shelley's sudden going and Alioto's sudden coming came when Supervisor Joseph Beeman telephoned Ben Swig, owner of the Fairmont Hotel and Democratic mover and shaker, to rustle up money for his campaign. Swig told Beeman that Shelley had had a "heart attack" and that Joe Alioto was "our" candidate.

Beeman passed the electrifying news to Morrison. Morrison, nostrils flaring, called Ann Aianson, longtime Democratic committeewoman. "You must be naive, Jack. I've known about this for several days," she said. (Later, it became fashionable for most everyone to admit, over vodka gimlets, that they knew about the coming coup a week in advance.)

HE then called Coblentz, Cal regent and Democratic leader. To Morrison's questions about a deal, Coblentz said he had no comment. Morrison said he was considering entering the race if the report were true that Shelley was out and Alioto was in.

I don't think you can win, Coblentz replied. Don't try it.

Morrison then put the word to Russ Cone, the Examiner's city hall reporter, and called Abe Mellinkoff, the Chronicle's executive city editor. It was on Examiner time and so, with a half dozen reporters feeding material to George Murphy on the rewrite bank, the Examiner shivered the newsstands with an exclusive story quoting an "unimpeachable source."

The Chronicle scrambled back the next day under Mike Harris' byline. Shelley was going to the hospital all right, but he was also quitting as mayor.

On Friday, his statement was read in absentia; 1½ hours later Alioto announced in Swig's Fairmont Hotel, with Swig and his pal, Elmer Robinson, former mayor, beaming from the front row.

MORRISON, an ex-Chronicle reporter and a card-carrying member of the Newspaper Guild, quickly moved

from investigative reporting to political pamphleteering. "City hall is not for sale," he said in his first leaflet.

Later, he branded the Shelley/Alioto deal as "infamous" in a statement when Shelley, not surprisingly, endorsed Alioto. Surprisingly, not one newspaper reporter, and only one radio reporter, asked Morrison to explain his "deal" insinuations.

MEL Wax, former Chronicle city hall reporter, now public affairs director of KQED, laconically asked Morrison what he meant, but didn't pursue it.

Four days after Alioto announced, Swig told the press: "We raised \$203,805 in 45 minutes. . . . We won't have any trouble with money, what I want is the votes." Much was McAteer money (McAteer's people returned his kitty of \$200,000, 100 cents on the dollar), some Shelley money (he never did get much), some new Alioto money, some money from business people who were putting into both Alioto and Dobbs, just in case.

OTHER shifts went according to schedule. Shelley's p.r. firm was taken over by Alioto, as well as Dave Jenkins (on the firm's payroll for Shelley, now working for Alioto rounding up crucial union support, particularly in the ILWU), key clerical help (Virginia Bigarani, Dorothy Cody and Cyr Copertini), key Shelley backers (Bill Malone, former State Democratic chairman; James Rudden and Madlyn Day).

Belatedly, Shelley himself endorsed Alioto, even though Alioto

publicly was trying to disassociate himself from Shelley and his record.

As in the adage about mice, men and their plans, things went astray. The group, one source close to the doings said, showed itself to be "political amateurs."

Why? It didn't contact Rep. Phil Burton, San Francisco's powerful liberal Democrat, in advance. Burton, perplexed and angry, puffed cigar smoke into the proceedings with a quick trip back to San Francisco and a press conference in which he talked vaguely about "a deal," then persuaded or put his blessings on the candidacy of Morrison, a fellow liberal and political ally, the source theorized.

No matter how he got in, Morrison is doing what Shelley would have done to McAteer or Alioto: siphon off labor, liberal and conservative votes.

Morrison twice has been asked to pull out. Supervisor Terry Francois and State Sen. George Moscone brought the first offer from Alioto's forces—unlimited financial support to run against Rep. Mailliard. The second came from Roger Kent, former state Democratic chairman, who said he "must get out" and passed along word that Alioto would like to talk to him.

"I'm in the race and that's it," Morrison told him.

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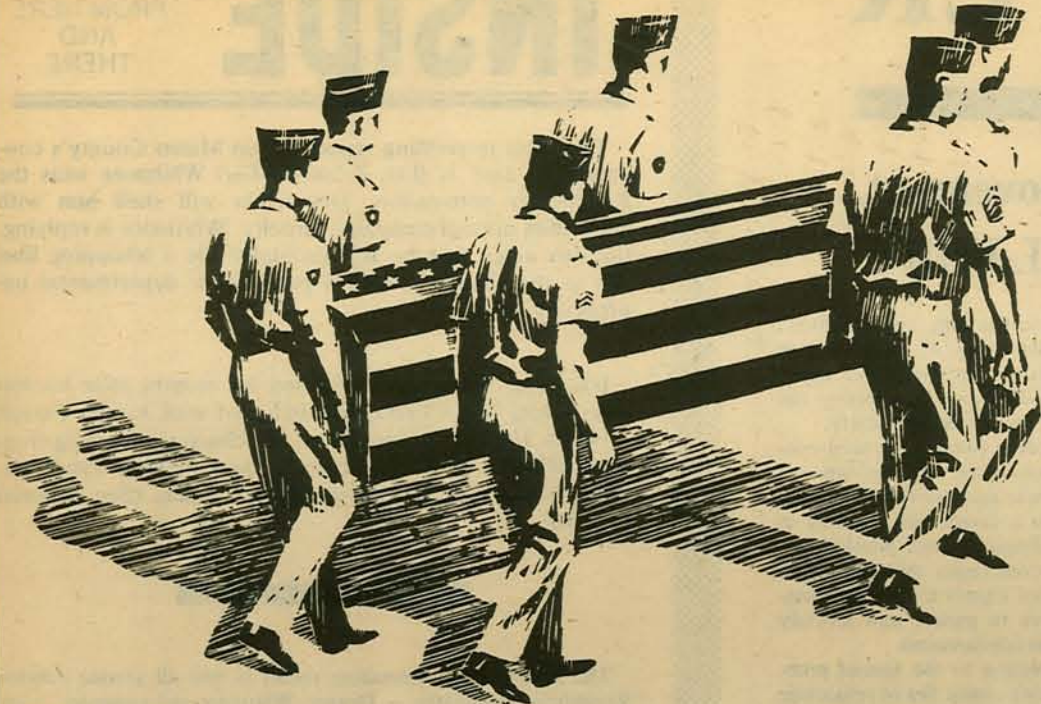
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Scramble for war bodies

Part 2 of
a Guardian series

By Jack Lind

Theorius W. Pannell, a funeral director, is a man who feels grievously wronged by his government.

Twice he has bid on a federal contract—the processing of the bodies of U.S. casualties flown home from Vietnam. Twice he has been turned down, even though in each case he was low bidder.

Pannell, whose business is at 2917 24th St. in San Francisco's Mission District, told the Guardian he believed he was being discriminated against because he is a Negro.

His first bid—on a Navy contract in 1965—was turned down, allegedly because he had no side entrance to his establishment. The Navy did not wish to unload its bodies at the street entrance in clear public view. This—despite the fact that Pannell's bid was \$3,540 lower than that of his nearest competitor, Stuart Comer, a white undertaker at 766 Valencia St. in San Francisco.

BUT, Pannell soon learned, Comer's California Funeral Service didn't have a side or rear entrance either.

"They don't want Negroes to handle their bodies," he said bitterly. Whatever the reason, Pannell did not have a certificate of competency required to obtain a contract. Neither did Comer, at first, but Comer's wife quickly got one from the Small Business Administration.

In fact, Pannell's establishment is a good deal less elegant than Comer's, though that is hardly the point since contracting morticians would have no contact at all with families of casualties; their principal job was to dress and apply cosmetics, place bodies in caskets and see to it that the caskets, in wooden boxes, were shipped off at San Francisco Airport to hometown destinations.

So Pannell set to work to "get justice." He visited the San Francisco Funeral Home and Memorial Chapels, 1 Church St., to see how business was conducted there.

THE owner of F.H. and M.C., Nicholas Daphne, had himself lost the

Navy contract, held for several years, to Comer. He still had the Army contract, however, and was working at a brisk pace when Pannell arrived on his informal inspection tour.

To Pannell's astonishment, he found a government inspector, a Navy officer named Everett C. Davis, working in Daphne's place of business, applying dabs of cosmetics here and there. This was the same inspector who was supervising Daphne's handling of Vietnam casualties for the U.S. government.

Daphne later explained to me that Davis, a licensed apprentice embalmer, was merely moonlighting—at union scale—after his regular day of government inspecting.

"I FELT sorry for him," Daphne said. He didn't explain just why, so I asked him if he had considered the possibility that Davis had involved himself in a conflict-of-interest situation. Daphne airily dismissed the idea. "We thought of that," he said. Davis is now in Guam.

Looking for help elsewhere, Pannell went to Houston to see an old friend of his father's, a cab fleet operator named Hobart Taylor, reportedly a man of considerable prestige and influence in the Texas Democratic party. Taylor is also a Negro.

Rather than going through usual channels, according to Pannell, Taylor simply picked up the phone and dialed his friend, Lyndon B. Johnson, down at the ranch.

Pannell picked up an extension phone to listen in, he said. "He told the President that I was having trouble with a government contract," Pannell said. "Johnson's reply was that he knew about it, it was not discrimination, but the party did not want me to have it." (Pannell is a Republican.)

TAYLOR, he said, suggested that he get involved with Republican party politics (Sen. Murphy had been elected a short time earlier).

In his despair, Pannell went to another trusted old friend, William W. Chambers in Washington, D.C., whom Pannell gleefully describes as the world's richest funeral director and, like Taylor, a man of considerable influence in Washington.

Chambers was of little immediate help. But he did show some interest, according to Pannell, in investing in the business should Pannell get a contract the second time around—especially if Pannell would care to buy a used hearse that Chambers had standing around. It was a steal at \$5,200, Pannell bought it.

Then, in May, 1966, Pannell prevailed on Sup. Terry Francois, a lawyer, Negro and former San Francisco chairman of the NAACP, to go to Washington with him, at Pannell's expense, to see what a congressman could do. The choice, understandably, fell on San Francisco Congressman Philip Burton (a) because he was a Democrat and (b) because Francois often had helped Burton at the polls.

PANNELL said that he would be willing to contribute liberally to the Democratic coffers should Burton exert a little influence here and there on behalf of Pannell.

When I asked Francois about Pannell's story he at first could not recall the matter, but Congressman

Burton recalled the episode vaguely when I called him in Washington.

Burton said he seemed to remember having "directed some inquiries" after Francois told him that his client had complained that no Negro morticians seemed to be able to get government work. "But I didn't know this was Vietnam business," Burton told me. "I tried to see that he was placed on the list for bids. By the way, did I help him or not?"

To Pannell's distress, the answer was no. Despite the fact that Pannell's bids on both Army and Navy work were again the lowest in 1966, Comer picked up both contracts.

FRANCOIS later did recall having seen both Burton and Chambers, the Washington mortician, who was "needed for prestige." Francois himself became an officer in a dummy corporation set up to bid on the contract, he acknowledged. Such contract-seeking procedures are common practice.

Back at home, the Comers were doing nicely while Pannell was pumeling the government's wall of indifference. The Comers' per-case profit went down to \$4, Mrs. Comer told me, but even then the handling of between 5,000 and 6,000 bodies

Undertaker dips into politics in his quest for justice

made for a tidy profit.

In July, 1968, the Defense Department changed its casualty transport program. From then on, all bodies originating roughly east of the Mississippi were to be flown to the Dover Air Force Base in Delaware, for preparation and distribution, rather than to Travis Air Force Base, through which they had gone heretofore. This, of course, meant that the Comers lost business, but since the war was escalating and the number of casualties were increasing, they took this turn of events calmly.

THE beneficiary of this new policy was Covington-Martin funeral home of Falls Church, Virginia, whose two young partners had just started out for themselves (not unlike the Comers when they got their first government job). Covington-Martin was awarded a contract for the handling of 4,300 bodies (including some non-combat casualties from Europe) for \$560,000. Their per-case profit, according to one partner, Jerry Martin, was \$5.25, or \$1.25 higher than the Comers'.

For a spell, things went fine. Then Covington-Martin suddenly learned that a plane loaded with 23 bodies had ended up in Charleston, S.C.

Since it was being paid for piece work, this of course meant that Covington-Martin was being robbed of business they had contracted for.

They made a few discreet inquiries and discovered that another plane—this time with 80 bodies—had landed elsewhere. This was too much for Jerry Martin. "We were being cheated out of bodies to which we were entitled," he explained to me.

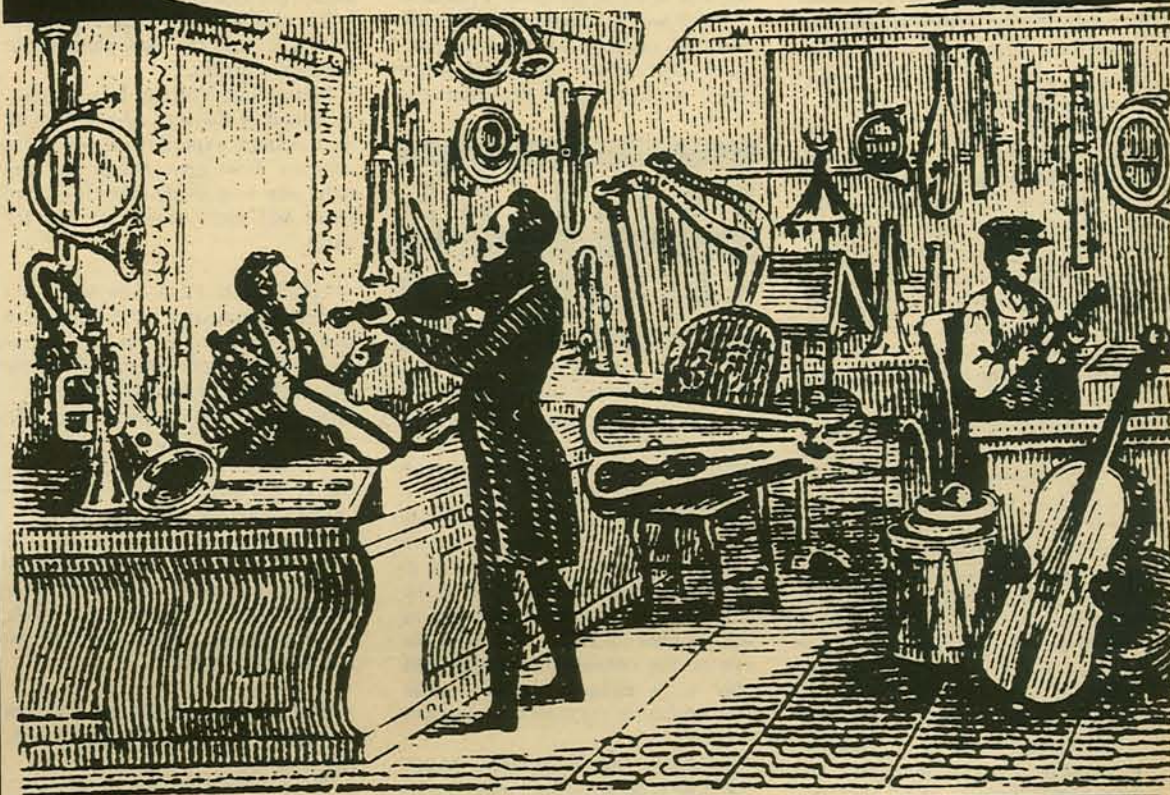
SO they complained about the matter to their local (Virginia) congressman, Joel T. Broyhill—and, wondrously, business began picking up and there were no more waylaid or missing military transport planes.

Martin told me of a mortuary specialist at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base who had recently returned from Vietnam, but was thinking of going back for another fling at it. The specialist figured that they'd need help around Saigon and, with overtime, could probably make himself close to \$20,000 in a year.

"The bodies over there," Martin told me off-handedly, "take a little longer to embalm. Over there they go more for preservation than for looks."

MRS. Comer, on the other hand, — Continued page 12

ON SECOND THOUGHT . . . I THINK I'LL
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We need a new national movement, says Dr. JOEL FORT

By Joel Fort

(Dr. Fort is a public health specialist and sociologist-criminologist; creator and former Director of the Center for Special Problems in San Francisco; author, lecturer and social critic.)

At age 17 every youth, whom we will call Jay Stubbs, requires a corridor pass to leave his high school classroom, is treated as an "adolescent" needing daily orders by his parents, is forced off the street by the police curfew at 11 p.m. and looks forward to early drafting for the Johnson-Rusk-McNamara War.

Perhaps the draft, with its many inequities and political boards, will allow Stubbs first to complete undergraduate or even graduate college education if he sufficiently orients these around grades and conformity to draft requirements, as he becomes fully assimilated into the middle-class achievement-oriented society.

THE PROCESSING of mass education has not yet exposed Stubbs to Joseph Conrad's "I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back anymore—the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men." However young, yet already old, Stubbs joins with Bob Dylan in singing, "And you ask why I don't live here. Hey, how come you have to ask me that?"

Although only a relatively small number of the 50% of our population under 25 turn away from life sufficiently to kill themselves, a much greater number live lives which can be considered suicide equivalents: drug abuse, mental illness, dropping out, crime, alienation.

These phenomena—and the perhaps 10,000 political activists—obscure the far more serious problem that the vast majority of young Americans are apathetic, conform-

ing to a world they never made, and eager to acquire further symbols of affluence.

As Margaret Mead puts it, the young have become "scapegoats for adult apathy, indifference, lack of responsibility, and lack of imagination." A number of undistinguished and unqualified individuals have been elected to high office in California and elsewhere by attacking the young and certain practices of the young.

THE POLICE, instead of coping with major crimes such as murder, rape, theft, burglary, etc., all of which are increasing by 30-50% each year, are instead devoting themselves to arresting youthful marijuana users, rousting hippies, and jailing runaways (and those who help them) thereby educating them in criminality and homosexuality.

These things are major components of what has come to be called the generation gap but is also a credibility and communication gap. More precisely the main gaps are between things as they are and as they should be, and between what adults say and what they do.

Perceptive social critics—Friedenberg, Keniston, Goodman, Erikson—tell us that beyond the rat race of academic or social performance, a significant minority of young people are groping for identity, meaning, authenticity, love. Traditional sources of meaning have disappeared for rich and poor, black and white, educated and uneducated youth. More and more they are focusing on direct experience, a situation ethic, and a questioning of arbitrary and unjust authority and regulations.

AS the broader society increasingly applies a policy of containment and repression with curbing of in-

dividuality, freedom, and creativity, we kill the spirit of millions, turn them over to acquiescence or to negative rebellion, and lose forever the chance of improving our society.

In a recent column on racial conflict I wrote of the Negroes' sense of hopelessness because they could not grow into a democratic majority in politics. Tragically, our youth represent an even larger minority group that cannot expect to gain meaningful access to power and already shares this hopelessness.

The solution to the special problem of being young lies in refocusing our society to create and foster individualism and involvement in life. Young people should not be reacted to as stereotyped "adolescents," "juveniles," "teen-agers," or "hippies," but as individual human beings who happen to be between the ages of 15 and 25.

ADULTS including parents, teachers, police and politicians must learn to tolerate and encourage individual differences in life style. Our institutions and bureaucracies must be totally reorganized and the present old, incompetent caretakers replaced by young, innovative leaders.

In essence, we need a national Youth Power movement, with the first concrete goal being full voting rights at the age of 18.

The freshness and passion of Jay Stubbs is our most valuable national resource; and like other national resources is being destroyed, wasted and dissipated.

As the sociologist Simmel rightly said, "The deepest problems of modern life derive from the claim of the individual to preserve the autonomy and individuality of his existence in the face of overwhelming social forces."

The most interesting report in San Mateo County's congressional race is that, if Sheriff Earl Whitmore wins the Republican nomination, Democrats will shell him with more than normal campaign ferocity. Whitmore is replying, through aides that he will promptly file a whopping libel suit at the slightest whiff of personal or departmental impropriety.

His department was in turmoil for months after his top aide, Capt. Alvin Prara, was indicted with Joseph Farrell, a Hilton Hotel security officer, on charges stemming from their alleged involvement in a book-making syndicate. Prara was acquitted, but questions remain. (See editorial page 8.)

The second most interesting report is that all second echelon Republican candidates — Draper, Whitmore and company — are being pressured mightily to drop out of the race and leave the primary scramble to Pete McCloskey and Shirley Temple. Establishment Republicans hate McCloskey, who's scaring all contenders, and they figure Shirley can beat him with all other vote-splitters out.

Although he made a fool of himself the other night at a San Mateo college candidates' night, Roy Archibald seems to be pulling ahead of his two rivals in the Democratic primary — Ed Keating, ousted Ramparts publisher, and Atty. David Monaco. Archibald is a respected San Mateo councilman.

Retrospective intelligence: On Feb. 12, 1962, Atty. Joe Alioto (now candidate for mayor) sent out a letter on behalf of then Assessor Russell Wolden (later convicted on bribery charges). Said the letter:

"As one who has demonstrated a commendable interest in civic affairs, I hope you will join with me in a campaign to maintain the sound and efficient assessment practices which San Francisco has enjoyed under Assessor Russell L. Wolden . . .

"Assessor Russell Wolden has conducted this office efficiently and impartially since 1938. No partisan or political influence has ever been remotely connected with his administration of the Assessor's office."

By Luke O'Reilly

Labor leader Dave Jenkins suddenly popped up at a recent meeting of SANE's Trade Union Division in a new suit.

Jenkins' trademark for years has been the garb of the working class.

Assemblymen Willie Brown and John Burton took stock of the new look and kidded Jenkins. This is the mildest criticism Jenkins, a powerful ILWU troubleshooter, has received recently, since he engineered much of labor's astonishing support for Joe Alioto for mayor.

ALIOTO, a complete unknown to virtually all of San Francisco's labor leadership and rank and file, has been contending for labor support with Jack Morrison, a long-time labor liberal, a card-carrying Guildsman and an ex-Chronicle reporter.

Jenkins' support for Alioto is all the more amazing since Jenkins has always been identified with labor's most liberal elements. He is a longtime friend of the Burton family.

The explanation for all this can be summed up in one word: Dobbs.

Privately conducted surveys had shown that Harold Dobbs would win hands down against Mayor Jack Shelley. The signs were plain: a continued Republican resurgence. Statewide: Reagan. In San Francisco: Milton Marks winning the senator's race over Burton.

Suddenly a new hero, Alioto, a conservative Democrat who talks "peace in the streets," was found.

Shelley's backers, now in Alioto's camp, knew that certain labor unions are very influential and none more so than the ILWU. The key man in the ILWU is Dave Jenkins.

In a telephone interview from Alioto's headquarters, Jenkins said, "We didn't want another Burton-Marks thing. We'll do anything to stop another Reagan thing."

THE ILWU Legislative Committee submitted a set of 23 questions to Morrison and Alioto. The Dispatcher, the longshoreman's paper, reports the two were "in substantial agreement in their answers."

But were they? On a key question, "Right of the people to vote on the Vietnam War," Jenkins told me the two disagreed.

Their stands are well known. Morrison will vote yes on Proposition P, to get out of Vietnam. Alioto favors "a negotiated settlement" but doesn't like the unequivocal wording of P and will vote no.

The Longshoremen's Local 10 and Warehousemen's Local 6 voted overwhelmingly for Proposition P. (These are the two largest locals in San Francisco, with a combined membership of more than 15,000.)

BUT it's well known on the waterfront that the ILWU Legislative Committee is composed largely of anything-you-say-Dave people. And Dave said it: Vote for Alioto.

Now the fight was on. At the special COPE Convention Sept. 22, a powerful drive for Alioto might have succeeded had it not been for the alertness and courage of delegates like Collins of the Hospital Workers, Jordan of the Marine Firemen and others. The convention was a debacle. No one was endorsed.

A second convention ended with no endorsements for mayor. Here the hoped-for solid labor backing of Alioto ended. Labor is badly split. Among the leaders there lies a tremendous residue of ill feelings.

How will the rank and file vote? Jenkins admits he doesn't know. The only thing certain in all this: Dave Jenkins looks spiffy in his new suit. Ask anyone at Alioto headquarters.

What's creative about cuts?

By our correspondent

SACRAMENTO—Gov. Reagan's Creative Society is the second best joke in Sacramento this fall, running closely behind the governor's non-candidacy for the presidency in 1968.

In the beginning, Reagan's opponents could take comfort in his "creative" pledge. Creativity at least had something to do with a design, a plan, a new attempt to control California's diverse problems of growth, poverty, population, wealth and industry.

So far, his plans have been watered-down versions of the previous Brown administration's attempts to control smog, fight unemployment, build new parks, preserve Lake Tahoe and push the fantastically expensive water plan. Reagan's creative urge leads toward the state budget and he promises a new fight to cut spending.

That's his big Creative Society pledge for 1968. Anyone is dead wrong who thinks Reagan will take his Creative Society with him if he leaves California. It will remain, in one form or another, with his heirs and assigns.

Reagan's prospects of remaining in California for a full term grow dimmer as his political star rises in the East. His current fund-raising expeditions for the Republicans put the governor in line for a spot on the presidential ticket or a top cabinet post should the GOP win.

His opponents—in and outside the Republican Party—don't look beyond 1968 because they hold the hope, however slight, that someday Reagan may be compelled by national popularity to move his Creative Society from the muddy Sacramento to the muddy Potomac.

BUT if Reagan leaves town, his lieutenant governor, Robert Finch,

is pledged to continue the governor's policies. And so are the men and women who paid the money to get Reagan elected.

Last summer, when San Francisco's vacant Senate seat was being contested, Finch was asked if a Republican winner would shift the balance of power in the upper house to the GOP. Finch replied that, as Senate president, he would be obligated to cast the Senate's tie-breaking vote with the governor's policies.

Finch would be obligated to follow Reagan's program, although his political experience and intelligence might produce significant variations.

D A T E L I N E S A C R A M E N T O

REAGAN complained to reporters recently that he had trouble cutting California's budget because "only one fifth of it can be cut. Next year we'll see if we can deal with the other four fifths, especially in welfare and Medi-Cal."

That will be the issue in January, 1968, no matter what happens at the Republican National Convention in the summer of 1968. And, with his eye on the convention, Reagan will play to a distant audience while Californians in the front row watch in amazement.

Reagan's administration hasn't come to grips with the budget problems of welfare or Medi-Cal because it hasn't, and doesn't care, to look behind the dollars and cents. While Reagan slashes away at federal anti-poverty grants for California, he complains that the state's welfare budget is too big. He hasn't yet fully investigated the exorbitant profits

doctors are earning from Medi-Cal.

REAGAN called a recent state medical aid conference in San Francisco. Big states reported problems, but the conference failed as far as Reagan's agenda for a crying session was concerned. New York's representative reported his state didn't allow physicians' fees as high as California's. After all, he said, you must expect a sweeping program like medical aid to cost a lot of money.

Two California Democrats recently told Reagan the same thing about state government.

Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles, no friend of Brown's administration, said citizens expect more and more services from government and the only way to provide them is to find more and more money to pay for them.

THOMAS L. Pitts, state AFL-CIO leader, commented, "The position that is popular, at least in Sacramento, that government somehow encroaches ever further on our personal freedom and is something to be treated with suspicion and disdain, is not only misleading, it is totally out of step with the needs and goals of most Californians."

Pitts, in predictable criticism, has probably defined Reagan's Creative Society better than the governor ever has. Reagan talked to a Louisville (Ky.) audience about a return "to individual freedom."

BUT Reagan meant that freedom to be divorced from, not aligned with, government.

The Creative Society, in Reagan's view, means using welfare workers to harvest crops. That helps prosperous farmers stay prosperous. The governor recently killed a federal anti-poverty grant because he said it offered no real training program. But he believes that field work is good training for welfare recipients.

This is an example of Reagan's Creative Society. There will be a lot more of this in 1968.

Beautiful society gets a kick in the guts

by Margo Skinner

"How I Won the War" (Great Britain)
"Elvira Madigan" (Sweden)

Up the red-carpeted steps of the Masonic Auditorium flowed the elite of San Francisco society and some of international filmdom, to watch a deglamorized, bitterly funny history-little of World War II.

It was the opening of the 11th Annual San Francisco Film Festival, with ironic contrast between the holiday atmosphere and the evening's film, Richard Lester's black and utterly anti-establishment comedy, "How I Won the War."

It was fitting that some militant hippiness dominated proceedings. The "Oracle" and the "Berkeley Barb" were hawked on California Street at its Nobbiest. Long-haired girls in Mother Hubbards, some with their babies, watched the celebrities enter in the glare of neon searchlights. Inside, in the balcony were students, dressed (in one fashion or other) to the nines, many of whom had worn less formal costume at the Oakland Induction Center earlier on.

SOCIETY was even far out: gents in turtleneck sweaters under their dinner jackets; James Mason with a pepper-and-salt beard, like a 19th-century sea captain; James Mason's date in a purple micro-dress adequate for any beach and wearing purple-tinted glasses, which must have provided an interesting view of the multi-colored film.

The air glittered with celebrities. Ingrid Thulin, the fine Swedish actress, was particularly beautiful, her sensitive face framed by long blonde hair like a Renaissance page.

There was, of course, the film. I did not like Lester's earlier Beatles' vehicle, "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (or am I confused on titles?). I thought it frenetic in pace, and trivial in content. Hence I was unprepared for "How I Won the War," which, again in total disagreement with our major S.F. critics, I regard as brilliant.

FILM FESTIVAL

"HIWTW" is a surrealist picture of the memoirs of a silly-ass young officer, straight off the playing fields of somewhere, and his adventures with his eight-man battalion, which is pretty well decimated by the film's end. Aimed at abolishing the romanticism of nostalgic war films—John Wayne will not dare to try it again after this, Mr. Lester suggests—it ranges, in a farcical reportage style, between five major battles of World War II, with actual newsreel shots, and the expedition of Goodbody's (Michael Crawford) men into the desert on an idiotic mission to build a cricket field behind the enemy's lines, pending the arrival of the conquering British general. This is followed by their further exploits in the invasion of Germany.

It is tour de force all the way. It is funny and fast-moving. Its characters are reminiscent of London's Goon show. Among them are the sergeant, a pro, excellently played by Lee Montague, whose only regret on dying is that he hadn't shot "the bloody sod" in charge. Goodbody—"but you can't shoot them all." Then there is the mad clown, Jack MacGowan, often with painted face and pantaloons, who comments satirically in the manner of clowns as old as Shakespeare's, but who Mr. Lester says derives from Brecht. There is the intellectual (Jack Hedley), committed idealistically to fighting Hitler, yet in action a "coward" who cannot kill. (One feminine critic at Mr. Lester's press conference found this character unbelievable; Lester and I do not.) And, most publicized, there is an unrecognizable, bespectacled John Lennon as a proletarian British Fascist who brews tea in the desert. All are first rate.

AS CHARACTERS they are one-dimensional, but humanly so, a real paradox. Lester says this was done deliberately: he did not want the audience to identify with them and swallow the propaganda of camaraderie and heroism implicit in almost every nostalgic war movie, and which only make for the acceptance of new wars in the public mind.

Paine Knickerbocker is so right when he speaks of "the aching, determined sincerity" of the film and says that "the indignity of man stooping to the stupidity of war" is its "primary target." I do not object, as he does, to "savagery and playfulness" as "old companions to strive for a common purpose." This film hits me straight in the solar plexus. Hopefully, I qualify thereby for honorary "under 30," as Ralph Gleason, who categorizes HIWTW as appealing to such, and reviews it eulogistically, himself must.

I still hear the cry of the bleeding legless soldier, "It hurts, love," when his "treachery wife" (I quote from Stanley Eichelbaum) comforts him by saying, "Well, then, dear, run it under the cold tap." She is the Red Cross, the USO, and all such who "cheer up the boys."

I MUST mention the curious comradeship between Goodbody and his German opposite number, Kurt Michael Vogler, the most charming Nazi I've seen since Conrad Veidt. They speak of the Jews. The Englishman asks, "Did you kill many?" The German replies, "Quite a few," but adds quickly, "I don't know anything about it."

And Goodbody, hitherto platitudinous idealist, buys the last remaining bridge over the Rhine from a German—with a bad check! After which an advancing tank, driven by a sterling pillar of Empiyah (Michael Hordern), flattens the German into nothing. C'est la guerre!

If "How I Won the War" is about World War II (or maybe about now), "Elvira Madigan" is a beautiful nostalgic journey into the past, to late 19th century Sweden, and a tragedy of star-crossed lovers which begins as exquisite cinematic lyric. Based upon a true story, the film won its

lovely heroine, Pia Degermark, a Best Actress award in her homeland, and brought fame there to its hero, Tommy Berggren.

IN CONTRAST to "The Loving Couples" and other similarly lurid fare, this is a love story, though physical passion is vividly portrayed. Between Elvira, a circus tight-rope dancer, and Sixten, a cavalry officer, married, with two children, there springs rich tenderness. Berggren looks at her as if she were the world's treasure; reunited after a quarrel, Miss Degermark embraces him with arms as awkward and tender as a child's.

There are fine moments. Elvira looks into a mirror to see if she is changed by love; she says, "Now I know who I am." Sixten rips the gold buttons and military braid off his coat when she tells him of Paris in 1871, when all the circus animals were burned to death during a bombardment. She speaks to his friend, who would win him back to the army, as an internationalist; she has traveled with the circus across all boundaries; they are lines on a map.

LIKE CHILDREN, they play in the woods, making friends with children; at one point, with a bespectacled girl, they pass an unharmed lady bug from nose to nose; one child looks at Elvira with horror just before the tragic ending.

The idyll is enchanted. The woods through which they move are washed in sunlight, the same sunlight that cascades down Elvira's back, her golden hair. The trees are transfused with it; leaves spangle like gold coins. The film's music is Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21, suffused with sun.

In Jorgen Persson's mellow technicolor photography there is never the garish sharpness of Hollywood. Bo Widerberg's direction is always sensitive.

But about halfway through, the plot rears its ugly head: Sixten is tormented by memories of his children; the money begins to dwindle; finally the lovers are starving. "There is only one way out," says Elvira, and about here the audience gets restive: coughs, movements, breaks to the lobby for a cigarette.

After some reels of suffering, the lovers' suicide comes in a scene similar to their earlier joyous picnic, but here water has replaced the wine, dry bread the luscious fruit. The last frame, as Sixten shoots Elvira, freezes. She has been chasing a butterfly and holds it in her hand, "forever young."

"Elvira Madigan" is half a masterpiece, yet unforgettable.

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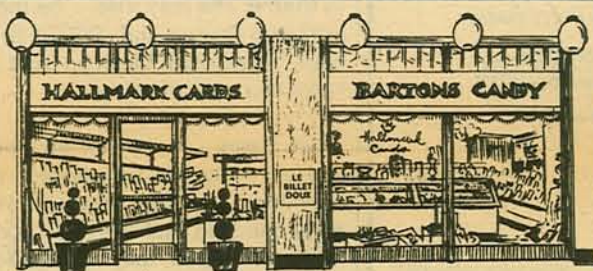
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CANDIDATES GALORE!

But only 14 out of 44 leaping and screaming hopefuls stand a chance

By The Guardian Staff

Like the seven year locusts, the four year candidates for supervisor are overrunning the streets of San Francisco. Swept along by some mysterious tide, they cover the sides of streetcars, windows of houses and countless bumpers. They steam and lather the neighborhood groups, the union halls, the civic associations.

They come in all sizes, all colors and all sexes. All that most of them have in common is that they will surely lose.

While three of the 18 candidates for mayor get most of the publicity, it is the 44 leaping and screaming candidates for the Board of Supervisors who are involved in the more historical horserace.

Forty four people, of whom only 14 can be said to have a serious chance, are waging a tooth-and-nail fight for six vacancies on the 11-member Board. (The other five seats will come up for election in two years.)

Most of the 44 candidates are little known, if at all. The daily press has made no effort to provide voters with any idea of where the candidates stand, alone or in relation to each other.

As for the leading candidates, either they have been waging no campaigns of any interest (and this is true in several cases) or the press has not found sufficient interest in their activities, because coverage of many of the leaders even has been limited to printing lists of so-and-so's lawyers' committee, or finance committee or housewives' committee.

So, as a public service, the Guardian will also not print anything on the losers. Other than to say that all persons not named on the following list have no chance to win.

The following are unauthorized and unofficial views of various leading candidates, as gathered by The Guardian staff.

The incumbents:

Joe Beeman — real name Josiah, but felt it was not as politically solid as good old Joe. . . liberal. . . no occupation beside supervisor. . . former staffer for Rep. Philip Burton and still very close to the Burton-Burton-Brown confederation. . . weak debater with little power to win Board votes on key issues. . . trained as a political scientist (see Mendelsohn, below), but more the behind-the-scenes type than the candidate type. . . in trouble and may lose. . . on the other hand, has solid pocket of support in (John) Burton and (Willie) Brown Assembly districts. . . is aiming for huge Negro and Mexican vote which, he hopes, will make up for no votes west of Twin Peaks.

Joe Casey — long-time member of the Board. . . former labor official, and son of famous labor leader, fallen on hard times because of personal tragedies. . . terrible absentee record on Board meetings. . . suffers from common San Francisco condition. . . was not expected to seek reelection. . . needs the money (\$800/month). . . has no campaign funds, no organization. . . may win on name alone. . . when he attends meetings, votes generally along liberal lines. . . voted for both Panhandle and Golden Gate Freeways.

John A. Ertola — called Jack by his friends, who number in the thousands. . . his first election and he is given good chance to lead the ticket. . . certain to win, anyway. . . generally weak on social issues. . . votes against some liberal legislation for tax reasons. . . a Democrat, like the other incumbents, but moderate to conservative. . . a lawyer. . . voted for Panhandle Freeway, against Golden Gate Freeway, which would have hit many of his North Beach friends.

Terry A. Francois — first Negro on the Board. . . running for the first time, he has won an amazing number and variety of endorsements. . . even from groups not known for their love of the black man. . . will win probably, though no one can predict how much backlash will be hidden by voting booth curtains. . . not the voice of the black militants or nationalists. . . more conservative than many Negroes, including his arch supporter, doctor-publisher Carlton Goodlett. . . nevertheless, a member of the Board's liberal wing. . . voted against both freeways.

Leo McCarthy — with a name like that, how can he lose? . . an effective, friendly liberal. . . along with Jack Morrison. . . opposed both freeways. . . supports social issues, without outraging his opponents. . . will win.

Kevin O'Shea — former basketball hero and little else. . . may be the Board's most conservative member. . . shows little spirit for debate. . . little interest in issues. . . not running a "big" campaign. . . may be satisfied to have served most of one term and return to insurance business. . . along with Beeman and Casey, is in trouble and may lose.

The closest contenders:

James Mailliard — member of a long-established, wealthy family of food brokers who appear to find some special pleasure in public office. . . brother of the congressman of the same last name. . . brother of the police commissioner ditto. . . conservative. . . first shot at public office. . . probably told he is needed to save the city from the liberals. . . heads the ticket of San Francisco Forward, a well-financed, glossily public relationed conservative government group. . . may win.

Robert Mendelsohn — like Joe Beeman, a college-trained political scientist, with no other occupation. . . for several years, the advance man for the late Gene McAteer. . . has told several groups during the election that he actually authored much of McAteer's best legislation. . . claims to be a liberal, but has gathered together support from some oddly unliberal quarters. . . may win, though it could mean another court test of whether he meets the five-year residency requirement.

William Newsom — has said little in campaign. . . well-financed and well supported, with a handsome picture (Newsom Now!) on many of the Muni's finest. . . lawyer, with family financial interest in Squaw Valley. . . fair chance for victory.

Ronald Pelosi — former member of the Planning Commission, and very strong on planning matters. . . if little else. . . only contribution to campaign so far was incredible plan to move auto dealers en masse from Van Ness avenue to south of Market. . . in spite of that, a good chance of winning. . . if only because he has the best-looking and early out bumper sticker.

Liberals who won't win

John Riordan — Jack Shelley's administrative assistant in Washington. . . young attorney. . . good ideas, but little known outside a small circle of social workers, other liberal attorneys. . . member of Social Service Commission (welfare agency). . . will gain valuable experience and city-wide exposure from race. . . nothing more.

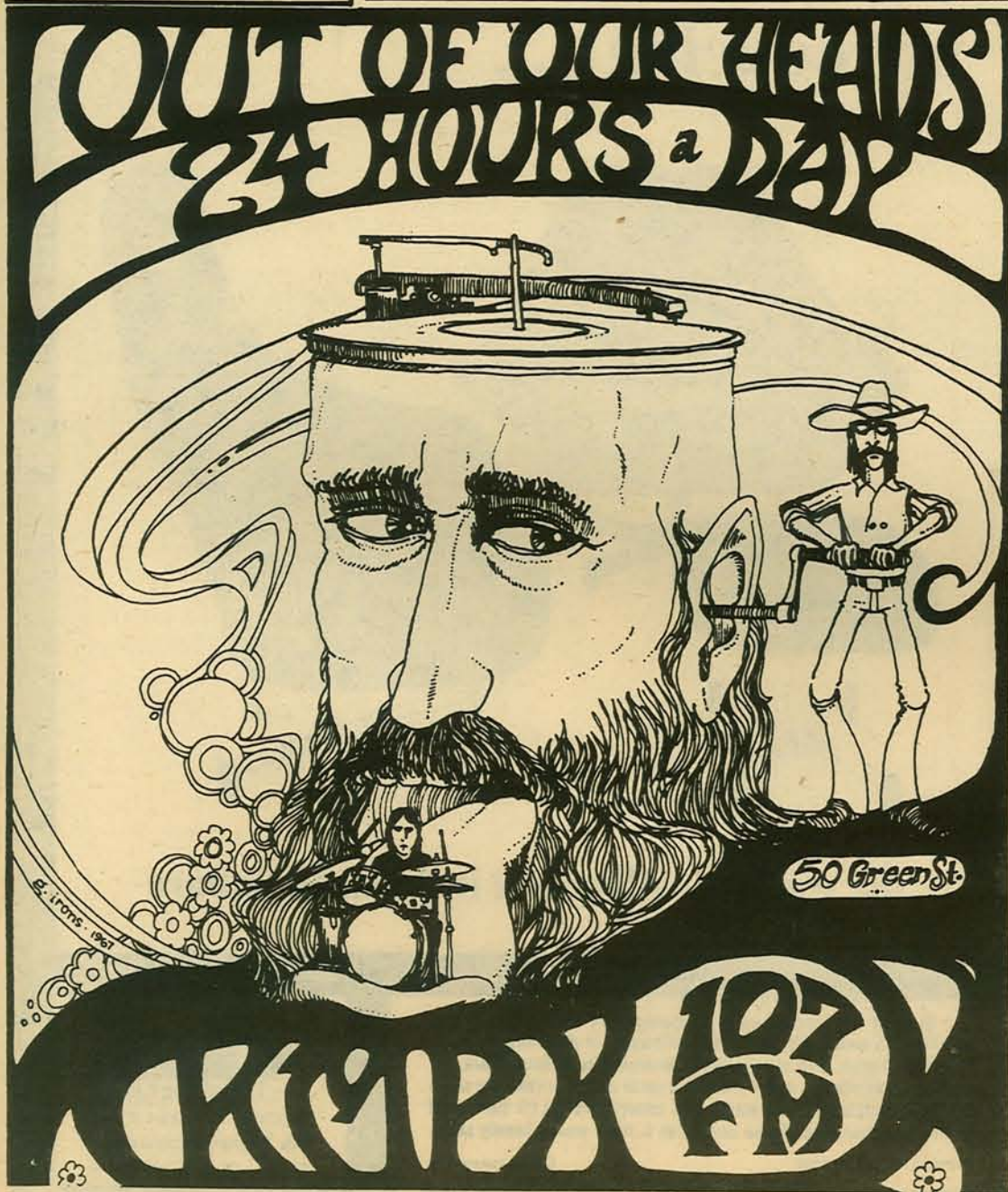
Edward Stern — slightly older trial attorney. . . running a refreshingly low key, but tough campaign with virtually no squizzing on issues. . . excellent liberal program. . . has spoken more toughly and openly against Viet Nam, and for Proposition P, than any other candidate. . . would probably be the board's most intelligent and gutsy liberal if elected. . . which he most likely won't be. . . pity.

Also worth mentioning

Curt Hayden — businessman. . . conservative. . . only chance to win is membership on San Francisco Forward slate (see Mailliard above and Ross below). . . will probably lose.

Tom Ross — columnist for small newspapers. . . affable and familiar figure to neighborhoods. . . another Forward man, though he and Hayden were probably put on the slate as spear carriers for Mailliard. . . liberal Republican with uneasy relations with the Harold Dobbs camp.

Charles Clay — community organizer for poverty inner city program. . . Negro, not a Rap Brown, but a militant who feels Francois has sold out to the establishment. . . affable in person. . . bristling on welfare, police, poverty issues.



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I was arrested by the Oakland police

By Wrightson Switz

(Switz, an 18-year-old Cal Freshman from New York, was arrested about 10 a.m. Wednesday, Oct. 18, while sitting in front of the entrance to the Oakland Induction Center. This is his story of what happened.)

When newsmen left the area of the employee's entrance to the Oakland Induction Center, the police moved in to disperse my group. I was sitting with my arms locked with the demonstrators to my side.

The officer in charge made his usual speech about civil liberties, then waded in. He jammed his bull-horn into my throat and tried to push me aside with his free hand. Failing he ordered me to move, using a few of the coarser expressions of the language. He seemed shocked when I swore back.

Suddenly a black gloved hand came at my face, I turned to see better, and was confronted with a Mace can. He squirted me in the mouth and eyes, then liberally sprayed my face and neck for effect. I covered my face with a cloth I had carried for that purpose and to keep cool.

EVERYONE in the group had been attacked. A mist hung over us as the cops retreated watchfully and called up their paddy wagon. We all were gasping for breath and our eyes were watering. No one had fully regained his senses, and I was unable to walk at all.

A burly cop grabbed my arm, pulled it up behind my back, and threw me into the police truck head first. All of us were treated in this manner amid the shouts of the onlookers and the grunts of the police.

Three or four of the people had vomited inside the van and the gas had somehow stuck with us. There was no ventilation. When we finally stopped in the Oakland Police station everyone was nauseous and clamoring to get out.

They took the girls first, four of them. A camera and preliminary finger printing station had been set up and they were rapidly processed through. Then the men, one at a time, me first. I was roughly dragged into the station with the fresh air just beginning to revive me.

AGAINST the wall, hands raised and legs spread, I was frisked thoroughly. At the desk a cop emptied my pockets and went through my paper. The officer at the desk made a list of my things while the cop who had taken them commented, "You're a little young to have a passport, aren't you?" and "If you're so rich, why are you out with these bums?"

We were sent to a cell, then back to the desk and asked about our birthplace, age, physical measure-

- continued on page 10

THE ANTI-WAR DEMONSTRATORS WERE IN THE STREET WHEN THE POLICE BEGAN TO MOVE IN



WHEN THE POLICE WADED IN WITH THEIR CLUBS AND STARTED HITTING THE DEMONSTRATORS OVER THE HEAD, EVERYBODY LAUGHED



A MINISTER WAS KNOCKED DOWN - EVERYBODY SAID IT WAS UNFORTUNATE, BUT THAT HE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE - AND THEY LAUGHED AGAIN...



A DOCTOR WAS HIT TRYING TO CARE FOR THE INJURED, AND EVERYBODY SAID HE SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN THERE, AND THEY ALL LAUGHED AGAIN



AND THEN THE POLICE HIT A NEWS-PAPER MAN OVER THE HEAD AND EVERYBODY STOPPED LAUGHING



I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT A REPORTER'S HEAD IS A SACRED OBJECT, AND SUGGEST THAT AT THE NEXT DEMONSTRATION, EVERYBODY SHOULD WEAR PRESS BADGES



MORRIS

Police turn on the press

- continued from page 1

pictures, a beefy policeman wheeled from the line and came at him with the billy. The officer poked at the lens of Wilson's camera, missed and slammed the photographer in the chest. Wilson fled, and was pursued until the officer turned away.

JENSEN and others have insisted that the police appeared to be aiming at press people. In one incident, officers seemed to intentionally aim their Mace cans over the heads of the demonstrators and into the faces of reporters and cameramen on the other side of the knot of people.

In the hours and days after the events of Bloody Tuesday, the reaction of the press owners was a story in itself. Of course, it has been largely unreported until now.

The first to come to the aid of his men in the field was Scott Newhall, enigmatic executive editor of the Chronicle. He closeted himself with his editors, his reporters and his lawyers until late that night, when the Chronicle Publishing Co. took the unprecedented step of asking for—and receiving—a temporary restraining order from a Federal judge.

And what of the rest of the press? The Examiner, whose staff either escaped injury or cared not to mention it, remained noticeably silent. One explanation offered over the privacy of a late afternoon martini said that publisher Charles Gould had been convinced by ace Red-finder Ed Montgomery that the real victims were the police, who were being wrongly accused.

Montgomery spent the time, according to his colleagues on the scene, with the Oakland police in their parking garage bastion in an upstairs area where other reporters were normally not permitted to go.

An Examiner reporter, calling his office from the scene, was surprised

to hear Gould tell him, after talking with Montgomery, that there was no police violence. This was the reason, Gould's staffers feel, that the Examiner played down the violence the first day, when there was some, then tried foolishly to recoup with "violence" coverage on Friday, when there wasn't much.

AT THE other end of the reaction spectrum (the right end of course, senator) came the Oakland Tribune. Though its staff members suffered

the most abuse, the Tribune management maintained near silence. Staffers complained bitterly all the way up to William Fife Knowland himself, but the only reaction of the Tribune was to announce itself four-square on the side of the police.

Photographer Wilson's reaction is already a legend in local press bars. He walked into Knowland's office, says the legend, and threw down his press credentials from the Oakland police. Then he turned and walked

out. Another staff member turned in an angry six page, single-spaced letter to Knowland on the events.

Another report making the rounds says that the Tribune used an unusually well-paid copyreader to edit all its stories on the demonstrations: the company lawyer. Not surprisingly, the Tribune's coverage gave the police the benefit of every doubt.

And, while the Examiner and Tribune showed no particular interest in the treatment meted out to their employees, the union which represents those employees went to bat for their members.

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'Cigar smoke hangs heavy'

Was there or wasn't there a deal to lure Mayor Jack Shelley out, thrust Joe Alioto into the mayor's race and keep the mayor's office safely in the hands of San Francisco's establishment Democrats and downtown financial interests?

The Guardian has found a lot of people who say so, some in a position to know, and it is convinced that a deal was made.

Putting together what has been told The Guardian, in page 1 and page 9 articles, what Carlton Goodlett's Sun-Reporter has said, what Jack Morrison and Phil Burton have said, what Shelley and Alioto have said by what they've done and haven't done—the cigar smoke hangs heavy on city hall. The record begs to be cleared once, for all and by Nov. 7.

Two men can do that—the present

mayor and his nominee to succeed him—Joe Alioto. Shelley has conveniently flown to Japan for the duration. Alioto is here in town, hustling for votes. Put the sledge to him and make him explain.

If this is all but a necessary move to get a strong mayor for San Francisco, as some of his lieutenants maintain, let them put it squarely on the record. If it is "the infamous deal" Morrison charges publicly and Dobbs' agents put out privately, let them now smoke it out fully.

As of now, city hall is for sale in San Francisco.

Some answers, please

San Mateo County Sheriff Earl Whitmore has never been much of a sheriff and his department has long had a reputation for hanky panky of gaudy hues and aromas.

Whitmore now plans to move on to bigger and better things as the sleeper Republican candidate in the county's boiling congressional race.

Before he does, however, The Guardian suggests he answer some critical questions, publicly before the San Mateo County Board of Supervisors, arising from the federal indictment and trial of his top assistant, Capt. Alvin Prara, and a Hilton Hotel security officer, Joseph Farrell, on charges stemming from their alleged involvement in a book-making syndicate.

Both men were acquitted. The Board of Supervisors is now considering a request from Whitmore to grant Prara \$23,000 in back pay covering the period of his long suspension.

The evidence against Prara revolved around two episodes: (1) a meeting between Prara and a known bookmaker, George Cummings, in the parking lot of the Peninsula's Hyatt House restaurant, on Feb. 3, 1964; (2) a meeting on April 2, 1963, between Prara and Capt. Calvin Smith, then Brisbane police chief, who contended Prara had attempted to bribe him to get

protection for betting phones in Brisbane.

Prara did not testify in his defense, but his attorney insinuated, through his line of questioning of Smith, that Smith had attempted to bribe Prara.

Both meetings were observed by federal agents during the long surveillance of Prara's movements. Even though Prara was acquitted, his attorney did not dispute either meeting and in effect admitted that they occurred. The Guardian has studied the trial transcript and talked with several sources close to the Prara investigation and trial.

Whitmore testified that: (1) any person connected with the sheriff's department would be responsible to report any suspected violation of the law to his superior; (2) Prara was not only a close friend but attached to the reporting directly to Whitmore, and (3) Prara never informed him of either his meeting with Cummings, or the meeting with Smith.

These undisputed meetings, coupled with Whitmore's trial admissions, raise these crucial questions:

◆ Assuming Prara's version of his meeting with Smith (that Smith attempted to bribe him), why would his top aide neglect to report an attempted bribe to Whitmore?

◆ What is the explanation for the

For our season

Of the three major candidates for mayor, only Jack Morrison can show, by his liberal record on the Board of Supervisors, by his grasp of the crucial issues confronting San Francisco and by the high level and solid substance of his campaign, that he can be the strong mayor of courage, vision and imagination our city so desperately needs.

He is not a man for all men (as Alioto is trying to be with patchwork consensus politics) yet he does not ignore the whole sections and peoples of the city (as does Harold Dobbs, with his white, middle class, crime-in-the-streets, out-with-the-hippies campaign.) He is the man for our season.

meeting between Cummings and Prara, a known bookmaker?

◆ How can Prara's testimony under oath before the federal grand jury — that he met Cummings only once and then at the county jail — he reconciled with his admission at the trial that they met secretly at the Hyatt House?

◆ Now that no legal jeopardy is involved, what is the reason to withhold full disclosure?

◆ If these questions cannot be answered satisfactorily, should Prara be associated with a law enforcement agency? Should he be given \$23,000 in back pay? Should Whitmore's judgment go unquestioned?

The Board of Supervisors should require satisfactory answers before it grants Whitmore's request for Prara's \$23,000 in back pay. The public should require satisfactory answers before it passes upon Whitmore's qualifications for Congress.

... To the editor ...

To the editor:
This letter refers to your comments concerning me in your tax story in the September 25th edition of The Bay Guardian.

I did not say: "You're a publisher. How would you like \$15,000 of worthless presses?"

I did say: "We have some obsolete presses that have not been used for years. Nonetheless, the Assessor levied taxes on them. To prove how wrong this is - you are a publisher who uses presses - we will give you six or ten units, without charge, and will pay you \$15,000 for removing them from our plant."

I did not say that the Examiner published a story about this newspaper's tax situation.

I did say that I had - long ago - instructed our editors to treat any story concerning our taxes exactly as they would a similar story concerning any other taxpayer.

When you said that you had not seen any story I assumed one had been released that might have merited publication. I said that I had been out of the city for nearly four weeks and Ed Dooley could tell you if a story had been published.

I then transferred you to Mr. Dooley.

I do not seek a correction. I merely feel that you - as an award winning reporter - would want the facts.

Charles L. Gould
Publisher,
San Francisco Examiner

We endorse For mayor



JACK MORRISON

(See page 6 for capsule comments.)

For supervisor



EDWARD STERN



JOHN RIORDAN



ROBERT MENDELSON



LEO MCCARTHY (Inc.)



JOSEPH BEEMAN (Inc.)



TERRY FRANCOIS (Inc.)

These two alternates: WILLIAM NEWSOM TOM ROSS

For Congress

(In San Mateo County)

PAUL N. (PETE) McCLOSKEY (Republican)
EDWARD KEATING (Democrat)

We recommend

NO ON PROPOSITION A (\$98 million in bonds for San Francisco Airport):

If San Francisco is to be serious about regional planning, this is the time to be so. This huge outlay for extending runways into the bay would only accelerate beyond redemption the sloppy, piecemeal planning that has characterized the airport since its inception.

More: it is being done for an extremely questionable development (supersonic jets, with their destructive sonic booms), with no coordination with Oakland and San Jose Airports, with no realistic planning for controls, ultimate limits and how much more airport San Mateo County can humanely absorb.

YES ON PROPOSITION P (for "immediate cease fire and withdrawal" of U.S. troops from Vietnam): The Guardian does not support "immediate withdrawal" on two grounds: first, it would be politically and realistically impossible to withdraw "immediately;" second, it would dangerously accentuate the violent rightwing reaction (remember McCarthy and Korea?) that will inevitably occur in this country once we decide to pull out. But The Guardian unequivocally supports this resolution, an "immediate ceasefire" and putting it before the San Francisco electorate. The thrust of the resolution is the point, not the quibbling, and the recognition that, until the fighting stops in Vietnam, we cannot make much of a start on the problems of San Francisco.



"HIS 'MORE CONSERVATIVE THAN THOU' ATTITUDE BUGS ME."

THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

Editor and publisher: Bruce B. Bruggmann

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Associate editor: Jean Dibble

News editor: Creighton H. Churchill

City editor: Douglas Dibble

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Production: Sean O'Reilly, Pat O'Reilly



Joe Alioto



Harold Dobbs



Jack Morrison

The mayoral roundabout

By Wilbur Wood

(Wood, on special Guardian assignment, spent the past four weeks with San Francisco's three mayoralty candidates—in personal conversations, at their headquarters, with their aides, as they drummed up votes on the streets and endorsements on the club circuit.)

It's called Candidates Night at the Police Officers Association, but it was really Harold Dobbs Night. The man who's been saying for months, "When I'm mayor the policeman is going to be number one citizen of San Francisco," briskly entered the jammed auditorium of the Verdi Club to a standing ovation, cheers and whistles and the flapping of gold-on-blue Dobbs posters through the cigar-reeking haze.

Later, there were fewer policemen, less applause and a little heckling for stately, balding Joe Alioto, Big Money's man.

Later still, very few were around to hear bespectacled, balding Jack Morrison. An Examiner columnist calls him "Morrison the Penniless." Perhaps for this reason the police, like others, don't give him much chance to win. None bothered to heckle Morrison, the only candidate to say he favors "strong civilian control" of the force.

"CIVILIAN control" is something Harold Dobbs never would advocate. As he stands behind the podium—not so much basking in the applause as waiting it out, gray-haired, gray-suited, dapper, short, slender—he tries the obligatory joke: "I didn't know they let so much of my family in tonight."

He gets a few ho-hos from the big, heavy men and their bouffanted wives, but not much humor is expected from Harold Dobbs and he knows it.

Dobbs is not the archetypal politician. His eyelids droop like a riverboat gambler's, the smile on his narrow face is wan, his voice—when it should be swelling with impassioned vibrancy—stays as thin as watered soup. He is 48, but looks a vigorous 60.

Sometime in the 1950s, Time magazine chose Dobbs as one of its "100 Young Leaders of Tomorrow." He is an attorney and businessman, the man behind Mel's Restaurants and an ex-supervisor who lost four years ago to Jack Shelley.

DOBBS promises the policemen the world: free uniforms ("the MUNI operators pounded on Shelley's desk to get theirs, but you and the firemen were gentlemen and waited—and now you'll get yours"); pensions for policemen's widows; bigger pensions, bigger pay and a bigger canine corps.

"When Harold Dobbs is mayor," says Harold, "he's going to tell everyone that San Francisco has the finest police force in the world, and not even Mayor Lindsay can say that. If Harold Dobbs is going to be extravagant anywhere, it's going to be in providing safety for every citizen."

One Dobbs characteristic is to refer to himself in the third person. Another is to promise to chop "the fat and frills" from city spending.

Another is to allude, often, to John Lindsay, and to Lindsay's former Parks Commissioner, the inventive Thomas Hoving, who sponsored free plays, concerts and happenings in New York parks, and won the affections of New York's hippie and artistic communities.

It is hard to imagine San Francisco's artistic and hippie communities flocking allegro furioso, to support Harold Dobbs. A common Dobbs refrain is that the police should "break up the pads, or as I call them, the dens of iniquity" in the Haight-Ashbury.

DOBBS also says he doesn't want the city's parks used as "stables," not a reference to polo players, but to rock bands, sleeping bags and Mime Troupe performances on grassy knolls.

Dobbs tells the police—and those who think police are the answer to our social problems—what they want to hear: the Chief will be in charge of the department, captains will be in charge of precincts and "there will be no more incidents like what happened to Officer Johnson."

Officer Alvin Johnson, you will recall, shot and killed a fleeing Negro boy suspected of car theft (though the car was not reported stolen until hours later), touching off the Hunters Point race riots in September of last year.

Mayor Shelley suspended Johnson immediately. Later he was reinstated with retroactive pay, but Dobbs believes it was wrong to suspend the policeman "without a fair trial."

(The question of whether anyone should be killed, also "without a fair trial," on suspicion of car theft does not arise among those who heartily applaud Dobbs when he makes this remark.)

To Dobbs, police are the heroes, not the villains. "This," he says, "is something I hammer home every time I speak in this city." Which is quite true. I found, by doing comparison listening, that Dobbs does not switch speeches to accommodate his audience, at least not markedly.

NEITHER does Jack Morrison. Joe Alioto does.

A week before the Police Officers Association, Alioto was in the Fillmore, speaking at John Muir School Auditorium. "I'm not going to pretend we can solve the problems of crime by police action," he said. "What we have to do is get at the causes of hopelessness—inadequate education, unemployment, inferior housing..." He criticized Dobbs' "police dog mentality."

A few nights later, Alioto was in a tall building overlooking the Bay, roaming around the room without microphone, his clear voice carefully distinct as he addressed the Council for Jewish Women. "Crime," he said, "doesn't arise out of nowhere like Botticelli's Venus." Audible clucks of approval were heard. Here the priorities were slightly different: (1) "enough force—we don't have any choice in this matter," and (2) "compassionate investigation of social-

economic patterns."

The very next night, on Oct. 17, before the Police Officers, there were no references to Botticelli (not that there should be); no references to somebody else's "police dog mentality." In fact, Alioto strongly supported the canine corps, "except in situations of crowd control, which would only tend to heighten the tensions."

THIS TIME the "chief cause of the breakdown of law and order" was not "hopelessness" nor "social-economic patterns," but rather "the lack of respect by public officials for their policemen."

"Law enforcement is the single most important issue in this campaign," Alioto said. (Dobbs says taxes are first in importance.) Just about everybody agrees on this, he said, "including those responsible members of the Negro community."

He was proud to have the endorsement of the Baptist Ministers Union, representing "those 55,000 religious Negroes."

Alioto promised he would support the police, "not only as mayor but as a lawyer for you, as it were," he is going to appoint a commission to study the courts—which he intimates are too lenient. And no, he is "categorically against a civilian review board. There will be no group of civilians looking over your shoulder."

ALIOTO'S entrance is the politician's entrance. At the Police Officers meeting, eight women lined the right hand wall, Alioto signs in their cowboy hats. And there were, as always, a half dozen burly, neatly dressed men whom I heard someone along the way call "the Alioto Mafia."

He tried to speak without microphone to the policemen, but some back row hecklers kept shouting, "Can't hear you." He drew applause—why not? He almost out-Dobbed Dobbs, except for the free uniforms. But at one point, a heckler shouted, "Nice going, Mr. Shelley!"

Shelley is unpopular with the police. And Alioto, in their eyes, is intimately linked with Shelley.

A heavy-set man with a thoughtful, almost scholarly air, Jack Morrison planted his feet and gave his speech in a forceful voice. "City Hall," he said, "is not for sale." He waited to field questions.

THE POLICE know that Morrison has blasted both opponents for their "superficial" approaches to "peace" in the streets and "law and order"—phrases that Morrison says are euphemisms for "race riot control." The answers, he says everywhere he's spoken, are better education, better housing, more jobs—and then he departs from the Alioto text and says—"and a police department that will win the respect of the people."

There was one question—on the Police Review Board, Morrison answered it straightforwardly: "I have always been in favor of strong civilian control of the police department."

A few officers smiled half-ruefully, half-cynically. A few others

looked angry. "If there are no other questions..." the moderator said. And Morrison bounced out the door and into the night, to shake a few hands, pass out a few more pieces of literature.

ALL THREE are running hard. Morrison has little money; Dobbs and Alioto both have a lot—although Dobbs people maintain that Alioto will have spent far more than Dobbs and Morrison combined by election day.

Dobbs has Spencer-Roberts-Haffner, the "political public relations agency" that engineered Gov. Reagan's victory last year. The San Francisco branch (the head office is in Los Angeles) is also working on Sen. Tom Kuchel's campaign, a Dobbs worker told me.

What "image" did the agency have in mind? "To make Dobbs—not the downtown man," my informant said. "That's the reason for the 16 neighborhood headquarters. That's the reason for his campaigning three hours a day in the neighborhoods."

Dobbs says it's four to five hours a day, that he's lost four pounds in his four-month campaign, though his weight never varies normally.

"WE'RE getting terrific response in the Sunset district, and Richmond, Parkside, Mission..." a Dobbs campaigner will say. The Dobbs camp does not bother to mention Hunters Point and Fillmore, Negro sections.

"Dobbs has decided," Carlton Goodlett charged in the Oct. 21 issue of the Sun-Reporter, which serves Negro communities, "based upon his experience in the mayoralty campaign of 1963, that he has done nothing to earn, and in most cases doesn't need, the Negro vote to be elected, and has made only faint efforts to garner the favor of black San Franciscans at the polls."

Goodlett then dismissed Dobbs and concentrated his vitriol on Alioto, charging him with trying to buy Negro votes, questioning the motives of the Baptist Ministers Union in failing to endorse Morrison, suggesting "Shelley's endorsement of Alioto is based on certain financial considerations."

WHATEVER the terms of the deal between Alioto and Shelley, Alioto has tried to play down all Shelley connections. The association he wants is with the late Eugene McAteer, the Democratic state senator who had entered the mayor's race against Shelley.

Alioto was McAteer's campaign manager. "I'd say we had both Mr. Dobbs and Mr. Shelley badly beaten before Sen. McAteer's unfortunate death," Alioto says everywhere.

This is Alioto's first try for public office. Perhaps this is the reason for two p.r. firms and for a braintrust that includes Alan Maremont, James Fraenkel and Howard Nemerovski.

Alioto has served on the Board of Education and on the Redevelopment Agency under two Republican mayors. Like Dobbs, Alioto is a highly successful lawyer and busi-

nessman.

MORRISON insists that Dobbs and Alioto are "two sides of the same coin, and that coin is minted on Montgomery St." He presents himself as the alternative to downtown business interests.

His liberal credentials are nearly impeccable: a hyper-active supervisor since 1961 (for 10 years before that a Chronicle reporter). Morrison has only one major blot on his record, his original support of a proposed freeway through the Golden Gate Park Panhandle toward Marin County. It's a sore point. Whenever he can, he points out that when the issue came to a vote, his was "the deciding vote against it." He's for public transportation facilities now.

Morrison has challenged Dobbs and Alioto to open their books, as he has done, on campaign contributions. At an Oct. 19 debate (filmed by KQED-TV) before the San Francisco Planning and Urban Association (SPUR), Alioto joked, "I think I know why Jack wants me to open my books. He wants to see who my contributors are, so he can solicit funds from them."

Through the laughter, Morrison growled back that, if he were to get money from any Alioto supporters, this would at least be listed in public. Through the applause, Alioto could only reply sarcastically,—"Great, Jack. Great, Jack." Dobbs said nothing.

TAXES is a crucial issue. "Downtown businesses are paying \$29 million less," a Morrison press release announces. "You," it says, referring to those who own private property, "are paying \$29 million more."

The background is complicated. Last year the California legislature passed Assembly Bill 80, which says private and business property should be taxed at the same ratio: 25% of the assessed market value. Formerly businesses in San Francisco paid at the rate of about 35%, and homeowners at between 11 and 15%.

A house worth \$20,000 now has a taxable value of \$5,000. This is taxed at the rate of \$8.80 per \$100. The tax would be \$440.

John Doty, an articulate young lawyer in Dobbs' firm, insists Dobbs could lower that \$8.80 rate to about \$7 just by his cutting of city expenses.

OTHER than this, Dobbs would stop trying to collect the "householder's personal property tax," which he says is too difficult and costly to administer anyway. And Dobbs says he would mobilize the city's legislative delegation to lobby in Sacramento for a change in the law.

But Dobbs favors "no new taxes," which means no tax on business. Dobbs posters fill Market Street windows.

What about Alioto? When Dobbs made his "no new taxes" pitch to SPUR, Alioto responded, "This is a very intelligent audience, Harold. You can't really mean that!"

Alioto proposes a "commercial

—continued on page 10

Rexroth's chilling words

By Kenneth Rexroth

Some years ago during the drought on the Eastern Seaboard, European but especially Russian newspapers pointed out that the U.S. was spending so much money on war that the water supply of New York City had broken down and it was necessary to ration drinking water.

Editorial writers for the American kept press burst out with guffawing editorials, yet the foreign papers were perfectly right. New York is not in the middle of a desert and there has never been a drought so long that adequate reservoirs should be exhausted.

Since that day, the expenditure for war has zoomed past belief and in Viet Nam alone now amounts to an admitted six billion dollars a month.

In addition there are the immense expenditures for what is now con-

sidered to be ordinary military activity in a country that once did not have a standing army as a founding principle.

At the present moment, there are at least 32 little Viet Nams, colonial and neo-colonial nations, where the U.S. is providing arms and the C.I.A. is providing leadership and subsidizing assassins for counter-revolutions or the perpetuation of dictatorships run by criminal adventurers.

Kenneth Rexroth is one of the nation's most distinguished literary figures—critic, novelist, poet, newspaper and magazine contributor. As it does with other columnists, The Guardian gives him wide editorial latitude. He will write regularly for The Guardian.

AMERICA has become the most hated and feared nation in history. Hitler and Stalin had friends. Johnson has only purchased whores. The

C.I.A. coup d'etat in Indonesia unleashed a murderfest unsurpassed even by Hitler. 250,000 people were killed in less than two months.

The C.I.A.-financed coup d'etat in Greece was a subject of open discussion in the highest circles for a year before it occurred. I was told by a person as close as could be to the royal family that the C.I.A. was offering a million dollars in a numbered Swiss bank account to anyone who would lead a coup d'etat. No one would pick up the money.

My informant told me: "It is certain to come and you will know that it is a C.I.A. action because the people in the junta will be total political, military, social nonentities." By the time I had passed on to Iran, his words had come true.

The feature editor of one of the leading Japanese newspapers told me that his conservative estimate was that there were 2,500 employees of the C.I.A. in the Tokyo area alone.

I returned this summer to an America in a state of developing civil war, a civil war of the police against society. While it was taking place, we heard all sorts of stories about lethal snipers in the Detroit riot.

When the facts were in, 46 Negroes had been killed by the police and three white people, two of them almost certainly caught in crossfire. Where were the snipers? What were they shooting? What were they aiming at? Who was rioting? Black people? Or white men in uniform?

TO wage war in Viet Nam, education is being starved and the aged and mentally ill are being thrown out of hospitals and children are being clubbed into insensibility while Rin Tin Tin, in Sacramento, cheers on the uniformed thugs, just as Sunny Jim Rolph cheered on the lynch mob in San Jose a generation ago.

Rin Tin Tin is certainly right. It was in the finest California tradition and overtook and surpassed the shambles in Los Angeles this summer which every intelligent journalist knows was ordered by the vulgar and brutal denizen of the White House and guided by the Secret Service who are sufficiently conspicuous among the Los Angeles Police on the television tapes.

A schism, an immense gulf has opened up in American life—Toynbee's "schism in the soul" that heralds the immediately impending, total collapse of a civilization. I have been asked to give my opinions about the election. I have just given them.

We have just suffered in San Francisco the administration of an incompetent White House toady who was prepared on telephone communication from Johnson to destroy Golden Gate Park and precipitate a race riot so that the Armed Forces could roll tanks back and forth from bridge to bridge, fighting, presumably, the

—continued on page 11

I was arrested

—continued from page 7

ments. Then we went to another cell.

After a half hour we began to run out of cigarettes and the idea that we were in jail finally began to take hold. From here we were called, one at a time, to be fingerprinted and photographed. I was third to be hauled out.

We had all been given the numbers of people to contact in case of arrest, so I dialed the one I had noted in ink on my wrist. The man who answered told me that bail money was being raised, but to try to get the money from another

source, because some people had to rely solely on the S.D.S. for assistance.

I used my second call to get in touch with my father, who was damn annoyed, but offered to send me the necessary cash anyway.

We were taken down to lunch about 1:30. Everyone who was arrested with me had been processed by that time. We all were in good spirits if not good health.

About 8 in the evening an officer entered the cell with a list of those who had been bailed out. His next list an hour later got me — and all but five others — free on bail.

Author's guide

Relax, disaster is never far away

By Jess Brownell

What's the matter, fella? Afraid you're never going to finish that best-seller you always wanted to write? Can't think of a plot? Don't know grammar? Can't spell? Sexual experience limited?

Relax now. Help is at hand. Disaster, the writer's best friend, is never far away. Ask Jim Bishop. Walter Lord. William Manchester. Truman Capote. Catastrophe, natural or unnatural, can always be turned to profit by the man who gets there first with his typewriter. Why not you?

This brief outline is for instruction only. Regard especially both the simple chronological structure and the careful intermingling of the mundane and the horrible, for it is in the proper attention to these elements that the secret of success will be found. Study it diligently. Use it in good health.

6:35 AM: The sun rises in the east. The rumble of distant guns is heard.

6:42 AM: Gen. Eisenhower gets up and shaves. So does Teddy Roosevelt. Lincoln gets up, but does not shave.

7:00 AM: Adolf Hitler writes Mein Kampf, then shaves, deciding to let his moustache grow.

7:23 AM: The British burn the White House. President Cleveland sends troops to quell the Pullman Strike. Custer dies. President Johnson gets up and shaves.

7:45 AM: Ronald Reagan gets up, shaves for the camera.

7:51 AM: Bobby Kennedy gets up. Does not have to shave.

8:02 AM: President Johnson is informed by the CIA that the sound of guns signals an attack by either Russia or China. They can't be sure as they have not yet decided which direction the noise is coming from.

8:38 AM: The Spanish evacuate San Juan Hill.

9:14 AM: The Maine goes down.

9:15 AM: The Lusitania goes down.

9:16 AM: The Titanic goes down.

9:44 AM: President Johnson informs the nation that we are winning the war.

10:12 AM: Dean Rusk reminds the President that the war has not yet begun.

10:30 AM: Dean Rusk relieved of

post.

10:47 AM: President declares war, leaving enemy open pending receipt of further information from CIA.

12:00 Noon: Everybody else has lunch, too, except Gandhi, who is fasting.

12:30 PM: President Johnson is notified by the CIA that a thunderstorm has come up and it will be impossible to discover today who is attacking. President covers flanks by declaring war on both nations.

1:03 PM: During darkest hour, nation's heart is lifted by announcement that Shirley Temple will run for congress.

1:52 PM: The Hindenburg explodes, Johnstown is flooded, a tidal wave sweeps Galveston, Chicago burns, San Francisco suffers earthquake, police riot in Oakland.

2:04 PM: Teddy Roosevelt and Rough Riders charge up San Juan Hill.

2:44 PM: Shirley Temple elected to congress, rallies nation with famous "blood, toil, tears and perspiration" speech.

3:12 PM: Victory over Russia and China proclaimed by President Johnson.

3:31 PM: President Johnson receives surrender ultimatum from General De Gaulle.

3:56 PM: President Johnson learns from CIA that attackers were French.

4:08 PM: President Johnson gives up, then surrenders.

4:42 PM: De Gaulle arrives to accept U.S. surrender, appoints Shirley Temple to rule as his representative, explains "She's a cutie."

5:03 PM: As a gesture of good faith, Shirley Temple provides De Gaulle's transportation back to France.

5:37 PM: De Gaulle is lost as Good Ship Lollipop goes down in mid-Atlantic.

6:10 PM: President Shirley goes on nation-wide TV hook-up. Winks.

6:29 PM: Teddy Roosevelt gives speech explaining how he captured San Juan Hill and broke up the trusts.

6:35 PM: The sun, looking decidedly wan, sinks into the western sea, and so, one fervently hopes, does the author.

mayor roundabout

—continued from page 9

rent or occupancy tax borne primarily by the owners of downtown property"—a quote from the Oct. 18 Berkeley Post, San Francisco edition, "California's Largest Negro-Latin Newspaper." (The editor, however, is a conservative.)

SOUNDING suspiciously like an Alioto press release, the Post continues, "As mayor he would immediately introduce an ordinance designed to shift the \$29 million tax burden back to industry and business, defer senior citizens property and tax payments until they dispose of their property and reform the 'dismal practice' of automatically raising the assessments of homes when they are improved by their owners."

This is "hot air," Morrison maintains. "I am the only candidate," he says, "who is taking direct action to give the taxpayers relief." Morrison wrote Proposition N, and he says that "unless Proposition N passes, there's not a thing on earth anyone can do to give homeowners and renters tax relief until 1969."

The Proposition removes restrictive language in the City Charter, prohibiting supervisors from voting the kind of business tax that Morrison wants to see: a license tax on gross receipts.

Proposition N is not the only one tied to the Morrison name. He will vote yes on P, the get-out-of-Vietnam proposition.

Dobbs won't say how he'll vote on P. Alioto is at his "consensus" best: for a "negotiated settlement" but quarreling stoutly with the wording of the resolution. He'll vote no.

BUT it's a carefully hedged no. "No, but I'm still for peace." It seemed characteristic somehow. It reminded me of the moment at the Police Officers Association when someone asked, "Do you feel the qualifications for a police officer

should be lowered so that members of minority groups can qualify?"

Alioto dodged the racist overtones and replied, "Standards will never be lowered as long as I have anything to say about it." In other words, "No, but I'm not a racist."

Alioto probably has given up getting the votes of most of the policemen themselves; Dobbs' banners rattled throughout his speech. But he obviously wants and needs the votes of those in the Sunset who fret about their "safety" and their property rights, but who also want to think they're not bigots.

In other words, Alioto wants it both ways. His are consensus politics, rather like Lyndon Johnson's in the 1964 Presidential race. Not exactly yes, not exactly no on the war; more cops but also more social reforms; more guns but also more butter; no civilian review board but "minority group members will take a more active part in city government than ever before"; Ben Swig, owner of the Fairmont Hotel, announcing he's raised \$200,000 for your campaign which is greased along by the endorsements of much of labor, including the long liberal ILWU.

The question is, will he get enough votes? In President Johnson's huge victory, there was no Morrison, no liberal-dove "third party" candidate, no Adlai Stevenson siphoning off votes from the left. Johnson's victory was over a Goldwater, too, and Harold Dobbs—while conservative—is still closer to the "consensus" middle than a Goldwater.

ONE more thing. The United States electorate in 1964 is far different from San Francisco's electorate today. Half this city's population is Negro, Chinese or Spanish-American. (The "white middle class" that Harold Dobbs keeps repeating must "not be driven out" does not

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INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

The Streetwalkers

-- facts and flesh

By Wilbur Wood

KGO-TV'S David Sachs leans on a parking meter in the Tenderloin, stares unblinkingly into the camera, says that this program will "explain what all the newspaper and TV fuss has been about the last few weeks." We should decide, he says, if we want our children to see it.

Up music. Title: "The Streetwalkers." Somebody says San Francisco is "The Prostitution Capital of the West." For the next hour, we will ask ourselves, "Why here? Why us?" "Why not in Los Angeles?" the voice says, helping us along.

"DARLENE," says the bottom of the screen. She started whoring—but she doesn't use that word—at the age of 13, after running away from the farm. She's 16 now and resents men so much (her father used to beat her) that "I'm now gay." The interviewer asks just what she means by that? "I'm a lesbian," says Darlene.

No regrets. She plans to try everything once in this life, and she's already done quite a lot. She looks 24; there is no joy in her face. What about the future? "In this life you live from day to day."

Commercial for United Crusade. Besides Darlene, the Saturday evening program interviewed Mary, Sue, June, Janet, one person with makeup and dress and falsies whom the screen subtitled "A MALE PROSTITUTE," one retired pimp and Billy, a working pimp with a mask covering his face. Billy said to his interviewer, "Maybe you and I have different principles," and, "I'll be here as long as the money holds out."

THE policemen Channel 7 interviewed thought fines did no good and wanted more jail terms for prostitutes. Two social workers wondered just what society was doing to "provide alternatives for change" for prostitutes — "All we have is fines and jail," one said. Charles Dauer of the Chamber of Commerce wanted a state law with a "big fine" for all first offenders, and a jail term for all second-timers. Judge Joseph Kennedy, a Negro, whom several of the girls called "fair," said that courts "have to treat each case individually."

Police Chief Tom Cahill said that

2,800 arrests were made last year, an "unprecedented" number, and, yes, "there are still some on the streets." Someone repeated the "Prostitution Capital" slogan.

A "Go Navy" commercial came on.

Some facts: a good week's take for a girl is \$500 to \$700; lawyer fees for a court trial are \$100 and for a jury trial \$150; 7,000 cases of gonorrhea were treated by the Public Health Department last year, and this year the figure is up again, just like the Gross National Product; there are maybe 75 to 100 pimps in The City; the retired pimp said his 55% cut was "liberal"; pimps rough up their girls to keep them in line; "Fillmore Slim" is awaiting trial; "Only You Can Prevent Forest Fires."

The show neatly brushed off the question of whether "The Syndicate" runs the flesh business here. Someone asked if local police are being paid off; Police Capt. Fitzpatrick thought it was "unfortunate" if some people thought so. Nobody asked

Darlene, Billy or "Male Prostitute."

Just before a loud commercial for a new ABC show, "N.Y.P.D." (that's "New York Police Department"), General Manager Sachs' solemn face appeared by the parking meter again.

Maybe prostitution is a \$10 million business here, he said, but the Chamber of Commerce doesn't keep those kinds of figures. Anyway, Channel 7 just filmed the facts and if they were sensational, well, that's the way it is: "We thought you should see them, because they are facts, and because — it is a problem."

It certainly is a problem to Rex Golobic of the Downtown Bowl. He installed lights outside his front door, "bright enough to read by," hoping to keep the girls away. The light only seems to attract more of them; they gather like shiny, perfumed moths. His patrons, especially the ladies, object.

Nobody interviewed the shadowy figure clanging down the fire escape, holding up his pants while he straightens his tie. He was, is, will be The Consumer. If he hurries, he might make it home to Daly City for the second half of ABC's "The Dating Game," brought to you by Coty Original Skinny Compacts: "Skinny goes," a warm female voice says, "where the fat ones can't."

mayor roundabout

—Continued from page 10

have a nine to one ratio here.) This non-white, non-middle-class that is rapidly becoming a majority in most northern cities "must have a share," Jack Morrison says, "in the decision-making process of government."

Carlton Goodlett insists that "only Jack Morrison has indicated, forthrightly, that if elected mayor he will appoint to all city boards and commissions members of racial minorities." Goodlett does not speak for much of the Latin community, nor by all means all of the black community. But his endorsement of Morrison is unequivocal and loud.

Morrison did not have an easy time of it when he spoke at John Muir School in the Fillmore District. The audience questioned him sharply about redevelopment, police, rent subsidies. He was a white member of the Establishment in an alien atmosphere. He planted his feet and forcefully answered questions, at times waving his finger like a lecturing professor.

ALIOTO had a harder time of it.

Assemblyman Willie Brown opened some closets with skeletons in them—hadn't Alioto headed the Redevelopment Agency when the hated A-1 "Western Addition" projects had been pushed through? Wasn't there something about an "exclusionary clause" somewhere?

Alioto fielded the questions smoothly, until something cracked, and he started shouting back at Brown.

A very angry black man in the audience suddenly was calling Alioto a "liar and a bigot," shouting, "You can't pull the wool over my eyes, you aren't being elected, you're being placed!" But Alioto had regained his composure and refused to answer.

Brown, the moderator, said, "This man is a guest in our house, he has spent 30 minutes taking positions on issues, answering questions, and we owe him our thanks."

I had arrived late and thought I had missed Dobbs. After the meeting I asked Brown if Dobbs had appeared. "Dobbs?" Brown grinned. "Harold Dobbs? He'd never show up at a meeting like this in 1,000 years."

Rexroth's idea: personal pickets for war profiteers

—continued from page 10

second Battle of the Marne, when the Chinese invade California after the Battle of Waikiki.

He and his Convention Bureau, financed by a hotel tax which was supposed to be for culture, gave North Beach to The Syndicate, which the Italian community itself had always kept out of San Francisco. He and his chief of police, after boasting of their wonderful Community Relations detail, with which they had had nothing to do, fired one of the few enlightened police officers in the U.S.

AND that's what they did. If Lt. Andreotti was flunked on his examination for captain, he was fired—if you don't believe it, all you have to do is talk for five minutes to some of the brutal and illiterate captains who flourish in San Francisco's police force.

Insofar as San Francisco has been governed at all, it has been governed by the White House.

The breakdown and demoralization of the City's civic life is due above else to the war. Six billion dollars spent each month on each of the major social problems now confronting America, seriatim, one after another, for a year, would go a long way toward solving them and restoring the country to the ranks of civilization. As it is, voluntary, ameliorative projects, privately financed by desperately concerned citizens, are harassed and forced to shut down whether in Hunter's Point or

the Haight Ashbury.

The kept press covered the opening of a pathetic tiny privately financed swimming pool, the first in the Hunter's Point-Bayview area. The papers did not point out that this pool had to be choked down the throats of the San Francisco authorities, who of course should have provided long since a half dozen standard swimming pools in the area.

SO it goes. The rioters, the disturbers of the peace, the cruel, the violent, the murderers, are in the state houses, the capitals, the White House, the governors' mansions. The military industrial complex and the political power structure they have created in the last 20 years have declared war on America, as well as on the rest of the world.

How ridiculous has been the response to Rusk's and Johnson's recent speeches, the phony liberals of raising the ghost of The Yellow Peril. If you analyze Rusk's speech carefully, you realize it can mean only one thing, a genocidal war of extermination against the Chinese people, no matter who rules in Peking. Their numbers must be cut down sufficiently so that White America, thousands of miles across the ocean, can rule in Asia, instead of three quarters of a billion of yellow people. What Rusk's speech advocated was Hitler's Final Solution.

Therefore, there is only one issue in this election and one thing to vote for: Peace. Vote only for candidates whose position is clear and who can be trusted, and of course vote Yes for Proposition P.

(There is only one self-evidently

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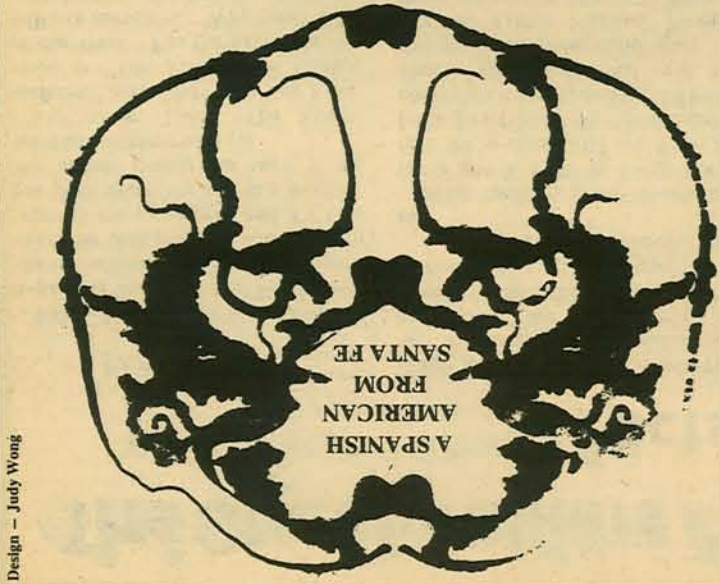
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intervals —
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idleness
That flower in the vigor of another
age,
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Mrs. Wiggs and Alice in Wonderland

By Douglas Giebel
The most exciting theatre I have seen in months is the 1934 film ver-
sion of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage
Patch," with Pauline Lord and W.C.
Fields. Miss Lord's performance
haunts me to this day, three months
after seeing the film; it reminds us
that really fine acting is art and not
psychodrama, that there is more to
acting than our contemporary trend
toward cinematic trickery, mixed
media and sincerity.

The script for "Mrs. Wiggs" was
co-authored by Fields, and I thought
of it while watching "Alice in Won-
derland," presented by the New
Shakespeare Company at 1668 Bush
St. in San Francisco. Lewis Car-
roll's trip has never appealed to me
it, there may not be that many really
funny lines in Carroll's book. A more
inventive adaptation with a genuine
sense of humor would have helped.

THE New Shakespeare Company
plans to produce more plays for
children, and for this it must be high-
ly commended. With the departure
of "Hello, Dolly!" there are really
not many productions in the city for
children. We need a regularly per-
forming theatre for children in San
Francisco, and the New Shakespeare
group might try to fill that vacancy.
Meanwhile, the producers could stu-
dy the methods of W.C. Fields or of
George S. Kaufman, and the minds
of the children of today.

For those interested in adult diver-
sions, Stanford Repertory Theatre
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tions, reminiscent of the old Actor's
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for bodies
The scramble
NOTES: Would-be actors with a burn-
ing desire for recognition should approach
with caution some of those new theatre
schools springing up in the city. . . . And
keep an eye on the new Encounter Thea-
tre. Assembled by members left over from
the Blaue-ving Workshop, it has exciting
ideas and is now in search of a theatre. I
am particularly impressed by its desire to
produce new plays. As a contribution to
local efforts to establish peace in Vietnam,
the Julian Company will present Eur-
pides' anti-war tragedy "Hecuba," be-
ginning on Oct. 27. . . . Finally, when "The
War Game" opens at The Surf, go. The
film is brief and important, though the
right people will never see it.

for bodies
The scramble
told me she was distressed that gov-
ernment inspectors all too often in-
sisted on placing victims "on view"
in caskets; she felt they were too bad-
ly mutilated to be viewed by rela-
tives back home. She did not men-
tion that it requires a good deal less
to prepare a body for non-viewing—
or "blackout" as it is called in the
trade. The latter, of course, saves on
labor costs.
But all that doesn't matter any
longer. On July 1 of this year, the
government took over all Vietnam
mortality work on the West Coast.
And Mrs. Comer was almost glad
that it was all over.

IT had, she told me, been a worth-
while experience and she was pleased
with the word-of-mouth advertising
that the job had produced. She did
seem surprised, even a little annoyed,
when I told her that the mortuary
work on the East Coast was still in
the hands of private contractors.
Nevertheless, as she curtly put it,
"We weren't particularly anxious to
get into a body war."
(This is the last of a two-part series
on the handling of Vietnam casualties
in the Bay Area).

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A Pirandello craze -- but it won't amuse the 'Hello Dolly' crowd

"Enrico IV" (The Playhouse, San Francisco)
"Dumas & Son" (Curran, San Francisco)
Opera Fol-de-Rol (Opera House, San Francisco)

By Rolfe Peterson

The Playhouse, a Little theatre at Beach and Hyde, is doing Pirandello's "Enrico IV" these Friday and Saturday nights, and following ACT's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," it almost amounts to a Pirandello craze.

For this Italian playwright, for all the influence his 50-year-old plays have had on our modern darlings like Albee and Pinter and Beckett, has never been very popular and his plays are not often staged.

Applying professional standards to the production at the Playhouse would reveal some shortcomings, but the fact that this play can be seen at all, coupled with the strength of the leading actor, Stephen Zendt, who plays the title role with impressive power and authority, make this a theatrical event worth noting.

IT IS another of Pirandello's exercises in which-is-which: reality or illusion? truth or fiction? sanity or

insanity?

An ironic humor runs through Pirandello's plays, but it is not easy and will not amuse the "Hello, Dolly" crowd.

"Henry IV" is an Italian nobleman who has spent a cloistered 20 years believing, due to a blow on the head, that he is a medieval German king. It is typical Pirandello that for the past eight years he has been perfectly sane but has preferred to pretend madness rather than embrace what we sane people consider reality.

The play is the effect of his situation on his former mistress, her cynical lover, a psychiatrist and others. It is always interesting and intermittently entertaining.

The production is not as entertaining as it might be because the acting is often inadequate and the direction is not thoroughly planned. Roger Corn, for instance, is a good big lump of a peasant portraying dumb terror and confusion as a new recruit among the hirelings who pretend to be the servants of the "king," but he ought to stir up some amusement instead of the discomfort he inspires in us.

JAMES Hillgartner plays the cynical Baron unconvincingly — his cynical wit, which ought to be authoritative and insouciant in the manner of Noel Coward, is inhibited by an uneasiness and lack of charm that all too often distinguish the professional from the non-professional. And the director, David Lindeman, ought to have had him cringing or at least bridling when the madman approaches and assaults him verbally. As it is, he simply stands there disinterestedly.

Well, these are little shortcomings, along with some performances which are simply not up to this kind of thing. But on the positive side, there are the excellent voice and presence of Zendt, the vigorous Landolf of Marvin Allen Robertson, and the occasionally entertaining psychiatrist of D.L. Hudson. If you're at all serious about the theatre, see this.

MEANWHILE, back at the Civic Light Opera, there's a thing at the

Curran which might have been called "Son of Kismet," or "The Return of Song of Norway." Only this time Edwin Lester has turned his "adaptation" team to the music of Saint-Saens and the story of Alexandre Dumas, pere et fils.

The result is as thorough a disaster as I can recall. Wright and Forrest have mined the lovely melodies of Saint-Saens without coming up with one decent song (I speak only for the first act, having abandoned ship before the second-act curtain went up).

Jerome Chodorov has managed to write a libretto with no humor in it, except what few mild chuckles Hermione Gingold and Edward Everett Horton can wring from their dull lines.

SO we are left with a bunch of pretty good singers struggling with difficult melodies and awkward lyrics, enacting a plot that, with a few broad touches, might get by as a parody of bad Romberg or Friml.

But Lester's real fans, the connoisseurs of expensive gowns and chandeliers, will be pleased.

The Opera Ball and Fol-de-Rol comes around every October and more of us commoners should know about it. Society reporters concentrate on the main floor, where the leading ladies of San Francisco society wear gowns the cost of which would underwrite the entire Save the Children Federation and Foster Parents-Plan projects for the next 10 years.

BUT up in the balcony at the Civic Center, there are thousands of seats at two or three dollars which entitle you to see one of the best shows of the year. The stars of the San Francisco Opera, the Opera Ballet and the Opera Symphony do two hours of superb excerpts from opera, along with a few pops numbers and some dancing choreographed for the occasion in a handsome and tasteful setting. To hear Reri Grist, Alfredo Krause, Regine Crespin and other magnificent voices at these prices and in these relaxed circumstances is an annual treat you should not miss.

Ray Bolger did some creaky dancing that had nostalgic charm. As an m.c., he was such a wonderful improvement over Danny Thomas, who made last year's Fol-de-Rol into an incredible fiasco, that I hesitate to criticize. But he is not really a good m.c.

HE is the kind of man who has to consult the program to get all the names right, even to make sure that the word "London" is followed by "England," and his "Is that a voice? Is THAT a VOICE?" following a great performance by one of the stellar singers, or his insufferable condescension when he grandly invited all the peasants in the balcony to come downstairs and join their betters in the dancing that followed—all these little lapses made me wish the ladies of the Opera Guild, whose work is so commendable, would someday exercise better judgment in their choice of m.c.



By Creighton H. Churchill

Darting through Berkeley, therapeutically.

There are occasions when everyone longs to split his spouse's or good-and-great-friend's skull with a fire ax, but, Lizzie Borden being rare, the great majority of heads remain uncleaved and are, instead, shrunk at the corner psychiatrist. To the rescue rides Berkeley, haven of hair-splitters and home of the Albatross, a beer-wine-and-therapy-bar. This potentially deadly mixture is sublimated in the largest array of dart-boards in the East Bay. For several dollars, you can rent darts and buy a liter of the house wine and, well juiced, challenge the troublesome friend to a satisfyingly kinetic round of darts. Score is kept on small blackboards and betting is informal, mostly for drinks or someone else's wife. The major rule: darts must be thrown only at the bank of provided circular boards, though several couples have had memorably pointed arguments under the heat of competition. Well decorated with modern art, forsaken faculty wives and girl-type students, plus a popcorn machine, the Albatross, at 1822 San Pablo Ave. is a thoroughly comfortable pub.

Corner of Mimzy and Frederick; bourgrove of Haight.

Pious pronouncements, a folk art form never lacking practitioners, currently touts a phrase appearing in media from Mademoiselle magazine to Billy Graham's mouth: "Turn on without drugs . . . taste the natural beauties of God's natural divine all-American laws of goodness . . ." Most Hips just yawn stonedly, and retort, "God grows his own." Ever in the aid of flag, folk-art and natural turn-ons, What's Happening suggests "Smilin' Len's UFO Changing Time-Space Warp Show," at the UFO Gallery, 1608 Haight St., S.F. It's got something for everybody; go in straight and blow your mind; go in stoned and fly interstellar. Len Nathan and friends have created from several thousand dollars of military surplus lights and lenses, plus countless man-hours of work and electronic inventiveness, a superb, total infinite-environment light, sound, dance, color and kinetic sculpture show as fascinating to an engineer as to a Fillmore-weaned Hip. Contrary to what one might think, this is not a "shuck" but a serious and ever-changing art form, a logical outgrowth of the technological advances in light and sound transmission/reproduction. Sri Narad, an ordained Yoga priest and a trained technician was responsible for the construction and programming of the light and color projectors. While the audience-spectator-participant sits on grass mats (no pun) in the center of the gallery, all Hell, in a modern, Dantesque version, breaks out around and through his body. The specially composed tape music by Sam Bercholz, combined with the frantic dance of Diana Perry and Mike Byxbe, plus the psycho-chromatic backdrop paintings by Bill Albee, generates an electroluminescent and unholy catharsis. Particularly striking are the long ropes of sequenced neon light tubes strung and woven around the room by a mad, mythical "Flash Gordon" spider. If pure inventiveness plus some technical knowledge and little money can construct an electro-artistic implosion of this power, the potential for a monied squad of IBM techs and physicists directed by a kinetic sculptor-painter is staggering. Consulting engineers are invited to drop by. Shows are Thursday through Sundays until 11 p.m. Week-day admission 50 cents, weekends, 75 cents.

Space warp — A bent Vacuum?

God's Eye Theatre, bastion of the very off Broadway experimental theatre at 520 Frederick St. in San Francisco, launched a second major production, appropriately enough, "Alice in Wonderland." Adapted from the Carrol novel by producer, writer-photographer-actress Kandel Hoffman, "Alice" is staged in a unique split-level "pit" surrounded by the audience. This being in deepest Haight-Ashbury, it was pleasantly confusing trying to define where the play-set ended and the audience began. As might be expected, the playlette centered on the reality of the "Alice world" in the current Hip scene, with a real "tea" party, the caterpillar grooving out on her (yes, her) bubblepipe, and Alice herself (called "Queen Alice") being a chick on an acid trip. Real, or at least relatively so, people played the various parts in a vignette form, following somewhat the style of the controversial BBC television production of "Alice." Among the more successful scenes: the tea party with people smoking giant "joints," the caterpillar's instructions, and the Walrus and Carpenter. Diana Palfray as Alice was properly petite, pretty and English, and the doormouse, James Wills, was good and batty. Opening night confusion added to the spontaneous air of the "Alice," but with time the play should achieve the same electric excellence that sparked the "Automobile Graveyard," God's Eye's first production. In Alice, much as in the Bible, cogency and success of an adaptation are measured by the individual beholder's mind as much as the adapter's skills, but God's Eye's effort is generally entertaining and untrite. Curtain at 8:30 p.m. nightly except Monday, when there are poetry readings. Admission is by donation. Poets wanting to read their works or those people interested in investing in the non-profit God's Eye Theatre company are invited to call the theatre at 664-9797.

Curry with a Sitar on Top.

Contemplative serenity is not the normal dining atmosphere of North Beach, better chronicled for its lusty pasta eaters and busty pastie wearers. Yet, at 1337 Grant Ave. (across Columbus) shines the India Cafe International, a newly opened restaurant serving east India cuisine in a quiet and friendly, authentic atmosphere. Owned and guided by Jaya Arokia-Swami, a teacher of yoga at S.F. State and in a private studio, the Cafe serves most popular types of curry dinners at very reasonable prices (\$5.00 for two). Decorated with delicate hand-painted murals and hanging tapestries, air filled with incense and Ravi Shankar sounds, the Cafe is an intriguing student and young couple-type of restaurant. Downstairs a meditation room is under construction, and in one corner of the main dining area is a small, low stage where Indian musicians and an occasional luteist perform. Jaya splits his time between teaching at his Yoga center at 898 Waller St. in S.F. and receiving and talking with guests at the Cafe. For conversational insights into how yoga can and is being applied to contemporary Western life and a spicy repast, or, a rather unique catering job for your next block party, drop by the India Cafe International, open 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. Buddhist vegetarian meals are also served.

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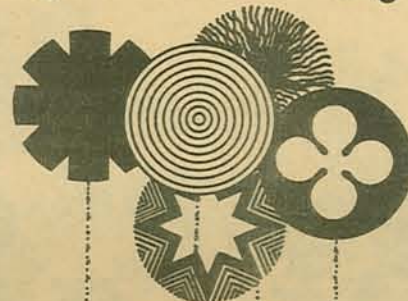


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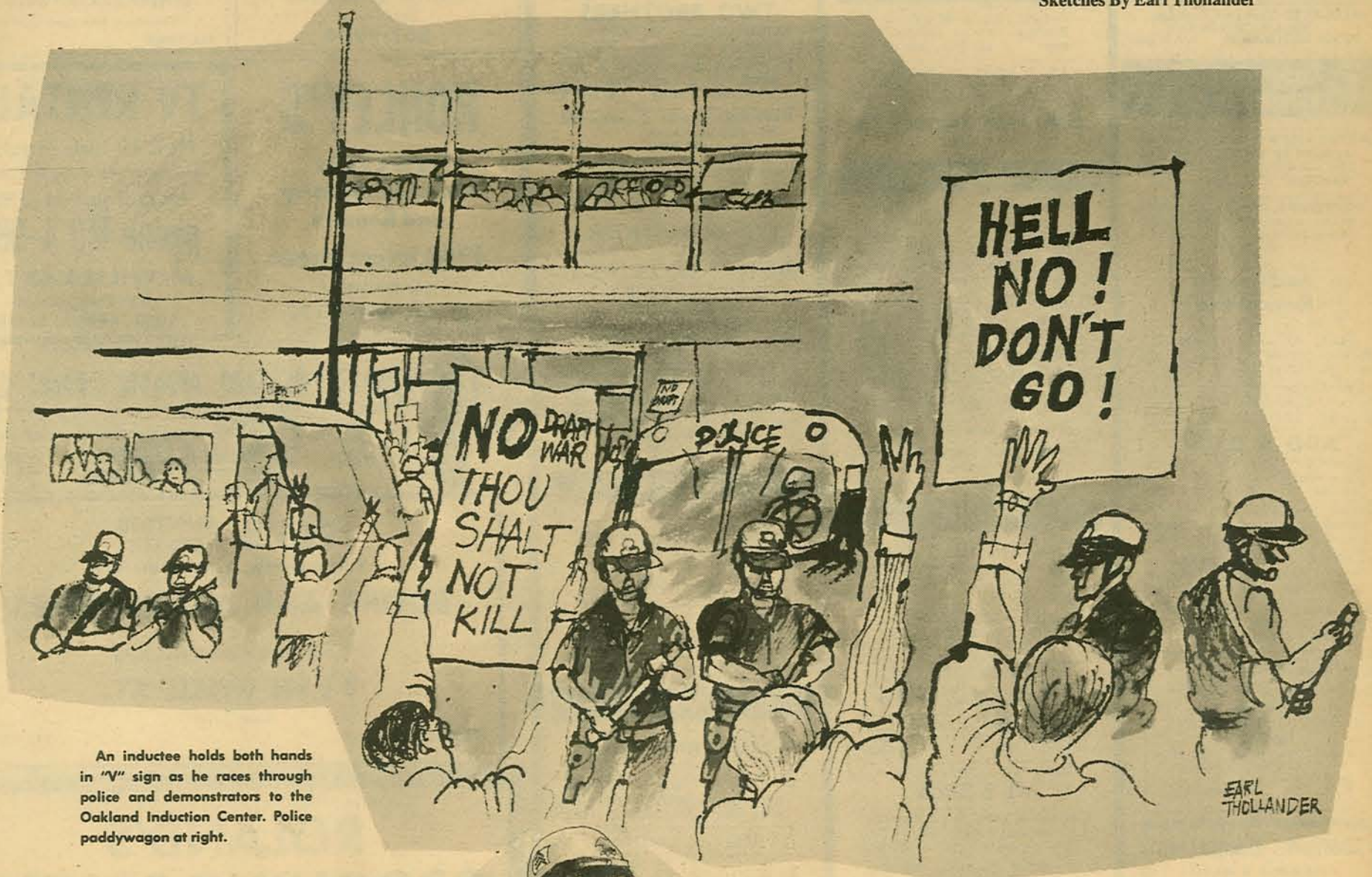
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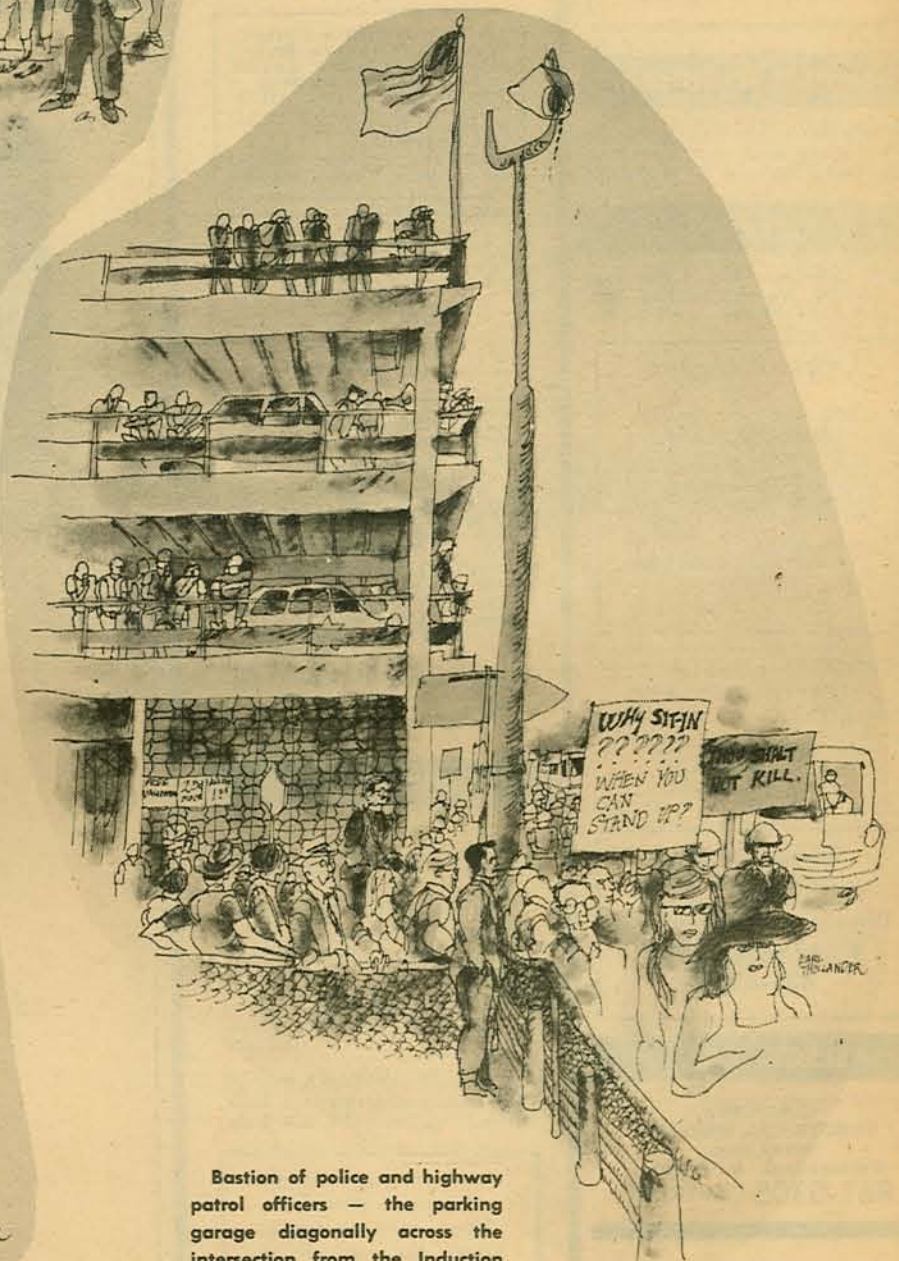
Sketches By Earl Thollander



An inductee holds both hands in "V" sign as he races through police and demonstrators to the Oakland Induction Center. Police paddywagon at right.



Oakland Police Officer 512 and his colleagues.



Bastion of police and highway patrol officers — the parking garage diagonally across the intersection from the Induction Center. All sketches done on the scene by Earl Thollander.



In front of the Induction Center entrance.